The Bystander, March 17, 1920. No. 850. Vol. LXV.

The BYSTANDER

THE T-RAIDERS

"Never mind washing your hands, just have a look at my samples."

BY ALFRED LEETE

ENTERTAINMENTS

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7541. 2.30 and 7.45
KARSAVINA in J. M. BARRIE'S "Truth about the Russian Dancers"; ADA REEVE; RENEE KELLY; LAKE & BARRASFORD; RENEE & GODFREY, etc.

HIPPODROME, LONDON. Gerrard 650.
At 2.30 and 8.30.
3rd Edition of "JOY-BELLS!"
ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S 9TH HIPPODROME REVUE.
GEORGE ROBEY, Etc.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. Holborn Tube Station.
Matinées, Daily at 2.30.
This Week, Sybil Thorndike in "TOM TROUBLE."
Other plays in preparation. See daily papers

PALLADIUM. OXFORD CIRCUS, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.0 8.45
Programme commencing Monday, March 15.
BILLY MERSON, MAX DAREWSKI, WHIT CUNLIFFE, MAIDIE SCOTT, ERNEST HASTINGS, TOM EDWARDS, BRECONIA SINGERS, LUCILLE BENSTEAD, Varieties.

ADELPHI. Gerrard 2645.
"WHO'S HOOPER?"
W. H. BERRY, Marjorie Gordon, Cicely Debenham, Robert Michaelis.
Evenings at 8. Mats., Wed. and Sat., at 2.

ALHAMBRA. Daily 2.30, 3.30 and 8.30.
D. W. GRIFFITH'S Latest Wonder
Photo Play
"BROKEN BLOSSOMS"

COURT. Sloane Sq. Station. NIGHTLY at 8.30.
Miss EDYTH GOODALL presents
"THE YOUNG VISITERS."
MATINEE EVERY WED., THURS. and SAT. at 2.30.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
The GEORGE EDWARDES Production.
Under the Direction of ROBERT EVETT.
JOSE COLLINS and Full Cast
NIGHTLY at 8. MATS., TUES., SATS. & EASTER MON., at 2.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Ger. 314). MAURICE MOSCOVITCH in "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."
MARY GREY as PORTIA.
Nightly at 8. Matinees, Wed. and Sat. at 2.

GLOBE. ('Phone Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LOHR.
Every Evening at 8.15. Matinées, Weds. and Sats. at 2.15.
"THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET."
ARTHUR WONTNER. NORMAN McKINNEL.

LYRIC. Gerrard 3687.
"THE BIRD OF PARADISE"
By Richard Walton Tully
Evenings at 8. Wed. and Sat., at 2.15.

QUEEN'S. Gerr. 9437
Owen Nares in
"MR TODD'S EXPERIMENT."
A Comedy in 3 Acts by Walter Hackett
Evenings, 8.15 Mats., Thurs. and Sat at 2.30

SAVOY. (Ger. 3366). "PETER IBBETSON."
Adapted from George du Maurier's Famous Novel.
CONSTANCE COLLIER, Gilbert Hare, Basil Rathbone.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATINEES, WED. and SAT. at 2.15

STRAND. (Gerr. 3830.) GERTRUDE ELLIOTT in
"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN,"
A Comedy in 3 acts by A. E. THOMAS.
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATINÉES, WED. and SAT. at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. (Ger. 3903). HENRY AINLEY
in "JULIUS CÆSAR."
LAST WEEK. Every Evening at 8.15. LAST WEEK.
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

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THE GRAPHIC

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Leagues

MANY good things were said by Talleyrand. Among the best is his brief comment, "*Trop de zèle,*" to a young attaché whose enthusiasm was growing into an embarrassment. Indeed, one can overdo zeal, and we wonder whether those who prepare to defend things as they are against things as Labour would have them are not killing the cat of propaganda by drowning it in the cream of separate effort. New opponents of "the dark forces" spring up every day; the Liberty League, the British Legion, the Reconstruction Society, the Middle-Classes Union, all much of a mind, merrily rent separate offices, acquire separate presidents, each on their own hire halls and print leaflets. Very nice, but very expensive, very wasteful of effort, and very uneducated by the war in the gospel of the single front. What is going to happen? Will the time come when everybody is a secretary or a member of a council? Indeed, there may be something in that idea in a country where we wear no ribbons in our buttonholes and prefer alphabets behind our names. Supposing every member of an organisation were made a vice-president . . . how we'd stick together! We are seriously considering the creation of a BYSTANDER Group and making every reader a V.P.B.G. With a badge, a group button, and a chevron for every completed year of faithful reading. . . . (*Trop de zèle.* The rest of this paragraph is cut.—EDITOR.)

Skyscrapers

TALKING about zeal, it would seem that Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen is undergoing it in regard to Regent Street. Speaking for the Commissioners of Woods and Forests (whose relationship with Regent Street is to the unofficial mind some-what obscure), Sir Arthur states that the future buildings may rise no higher than the Piccadilly Hotel. These are hardly "witherin heights," and one fails to see why in a street so broad London should not be allowed some rivalry with New York. We are told "it is a matter of light," but, except in the late afternoon, the shadow of the Piccadilly Hotel does not obscure the Imperial. Still, if we surrender Regent Street to the mysterious O.C. Forests, we cannot see why, for instance, the Embankment should not rise fifty storey high, why along Park Lane and Kensington Road flats should not tower as Babel. Here no claimants appear, save the straying sheep. I suppose the official mind whispers, "Clay!" To which we reply: Bridges stand on piles in that clay. But the unoffical mind is not good at discovering twelve good reasons why a good thing shouldn't be done.

Greek

SO Oxford has plunged! One is glad and sorry; one didn't know much Greek when one went up, and none when one came (or, as the case may be, was sent) down. Still, there it was: a youth went up, impersonating the *Kalos*, hoping to attain the *Kagathos*, which, so far as I remember, meant that he went up beautiful and came back good. He reviled the obscurities in which he had his being, parsed with petulance and swore at syntax. Now he is to be free from Greek. By and by he will be

"WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES"

BY W. E. WIGFULL

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

free from Latin, and one wonders whether he'll actually be better off. For the worst of being rid of a thing is that one forthwith seeks another burden; that's probably why widowers as a rule, and widows always, strive to forge anew the golden link that was broken by accident or time. I should have voted against Greek, but it is a horrid idea that it may be replaced by something useful; there's something so useless about a useful education. It makes a man so fit to earn money and so unfit to spend it agreeably Fortunately, there are always women to perform the latter function; it's the one thing we never need teach them.

A "LET-ME-DOWN"

THE FITTER: "Sorry it's so large and slack, sir, but the Guv'nor cut it out himself"

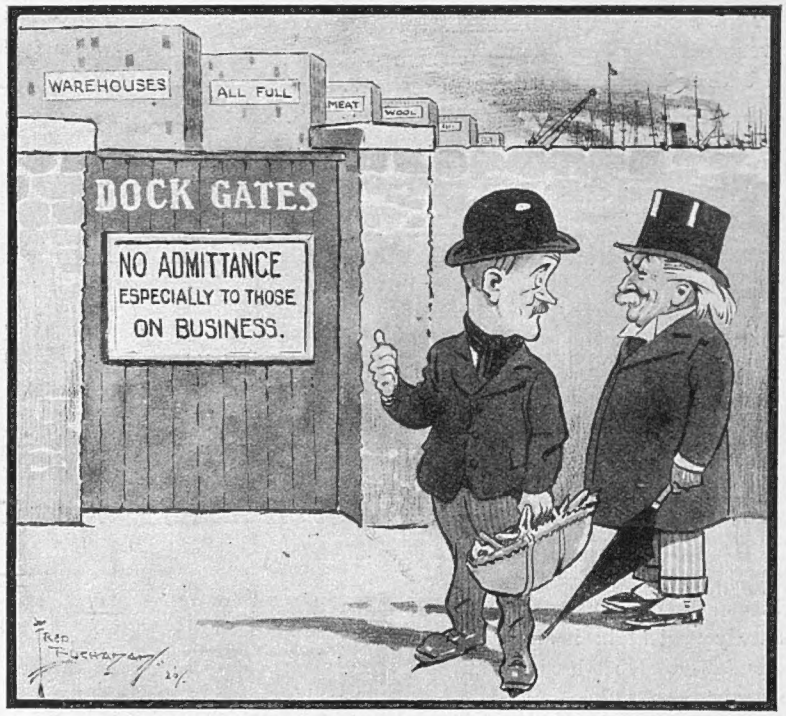
BY FRED BUCHANAN

"Rags"

IT is commonly thought that shortage of the means of transport has something to do with the difficulties of food distribution. I suppose this must be wrong, otherwise the Minister of Transport would have been using the motor lorries which the medical students drove through London last Thursday for some other purpose. The London students seem determined to prove that, like "Todgers," they really can "do it." Three times lately they have shown us how. Firstly, with Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson; secondly, with Mr. Asquith; and, thirdly, at Thursday's hospitals football match. Mr. "Pussyfoot" lost an eye, Mr. Asquith a hat. I have not heard yet of any loss on Thursday, except that of a good deal of time by various people. London traffic is bad enough at any time, and thoroughfares like Bond Street are not particularly well adapted for motor-lorry processions. However, the students are achieving their purpose. One of them declared in an interview after the "Pussyfoot" riot that London didn't seem to know she had any students, and it was time she found it out. London ought to know it by now. Oxford and Cambridge, I hear, are full of serious young married majors whose appetite for learning can hardly be satisfied. We might spare them some of our lively young men. London is too crowded and busy for even miniature maffickings.

"News"

ARE we or are we not a peculiar people? About the time that we first read of the insulting, shooting, and beating of Allied soldiers in Germany, certain newspapers gave equal, indeed, greater prominence to such an epoch-making piece of news as the denial by an American kinema actress that she was going to marry a gentleman engaged in the same profession. The fullest details were cabled to the morning papers, and carefully collated in the evenings. I am told that the "pictures" or "movies" rank third in the great industries of the United States, and are expected before long to take the second place, now occupied by steel or chewing-gum, I forget exactly which. But even this remarkable fact hardly seems to explain the enormous interest that the population of Great Britain must have taken in



THE SIX-YEAR-OLD

"That board looks all right, now, Bonar."

"Yes, sir—considerin' it's the same old board you used all the war in Whitehall and afterwards on the dumps!"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

WHEN THE STAGE REALLY ENTERS PARLIAMENT

Grock, "M.P." for East Grin-stead, introduced into the House by the Rt. Hon. W. H. Berry (M.P. for the Adelphi Division of the Strand) and Mr. Owen Nares (M.P. for the Queen's Division of Shaftesbury Avenue)

BY E. T. REED

this piece of news to justify the space and display given to it in the papers. Had it concerned President Wilson or Mr. Dempsey it would have been more understandable.

Scots and Scotch

WE are assured that Scotland is going dry. The awful question now arises—if Scotland goes dry, where are the Scots going? They can hardly be expected to remain in Scotland. As it is, a vast number of them do not. When they have all come south, who will make "Scotch" for them—and us? I am not making the slightest reflection upon the temperance of the Scots. I once met a gillie in Scotland who refused a second glass in these words, "One is enough." He certainly added, "two are too little, and if you take three, you cannot tell what you may take." I am sure that there are many like him, men for whom "one is enough." His "one" would certainly have sufficed for most of us poor southrons. But they will surely want that one, and will go where they can to get it. Our supply of "Chiefs of Departments" will soon be greater than the demand.

The Arrested Prince

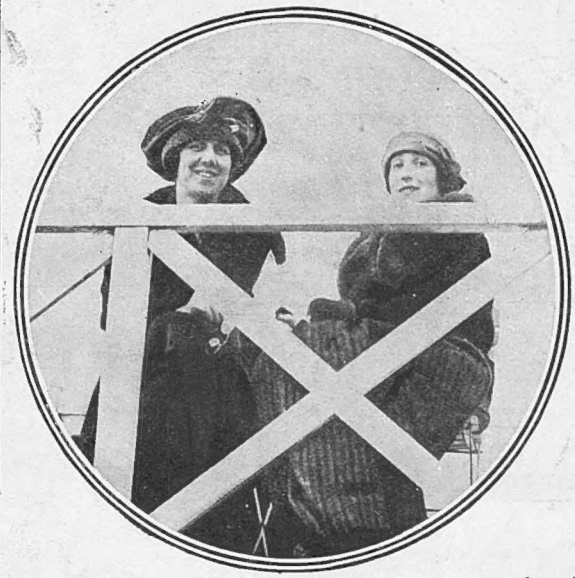
I CONFESS I find little comfort in reading that Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia is under arrest "for his own protection." I suppose there may be some who can find a sense of delicacy and chivalry in the German suggestion that our soldiers, presumably to save their uniforms from disgrace, should go about their work as conquerors wearing civilian clothes. I am not one of them. Mr. Mallaby-Deeley, M.P., has enough to do in the Strand.

Riviera Notes

A CAUSERIE FROM CANNES

Photograph Topical

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND



Photograph Sport and General

LADY CROSFIELD and LADY ROCKSAVAGE

Photograph Sport and General

THE PRINCESS DE BOURBON
(Niece of the King of the Belgians)

NEVER were there more women and jewels to be seen on the Riviera—and fewer clothes! It seems that if you wear bracelets up to your elbow, a diamond collar, and a rope or two of pearls, a bodice is almost superfluous. Perhaps they think it might diminish the radiance of the jewels!

THIS week we've had Sarah, the Divine, whom "age cannot wither nor custom stale." She gave a delightful little *causerie intime* at the Théâtre du Casino, on Rostand, her old and valued friend. After relating many delightful anecdotes of the famous author of "Cyrano," she read us a few of his poems in that golden voice which touches your heart and brings a lump to your throat. Mme. Bernhardt must be a good deal stronger than she was a year or two back, for I saw her in the evening dining at the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs in the Casino, surrounded by a crowd of devoted admirers.

POLO and tennis are going strong during this lovely weather, which they tell me is quite exceptional for the time of year, even on the Côte d'Azur. The Municipal Council of Cannes have voted a subvention of 20,000 francs to the Polo Club. One of the most brilliant and popular players is Lord Rocksavage. A handsome, picturesque figure that makes one proud of the British peerage. He is, too, an enthusiastic tennis player. The feminine world of Cannes is only too ready to lay its heart at his feet, of which fact he seems delightfully unconscious, and I have never seen him dance with anyone but his wife; much to the chagrin of the assembled womanhood, for he is a perfect dancer.

THE Shah of Persia has left us; but royalty is still represented by the King of Montenegro, and ex-Queen Amélie of Portugal is at her Villa, where she has been joined by ex-King Manoel and his wife. The former is expected to take part in the Monte Carlo tennis tournament. The Bourbon and Orleans families are here *en masse*.

Among the honeymooners are her Grace of Westminster, or Mrs. Fitzpatrick Lewis as she now is. I saw her at the Casino the other evening with her good-looking, dark young bridegroom. She is an accomplished dancer, and often to be seen at the *thés dansants* at the Ambassadeurs. Bend Or is expected with his yacht at Monte Carlo.

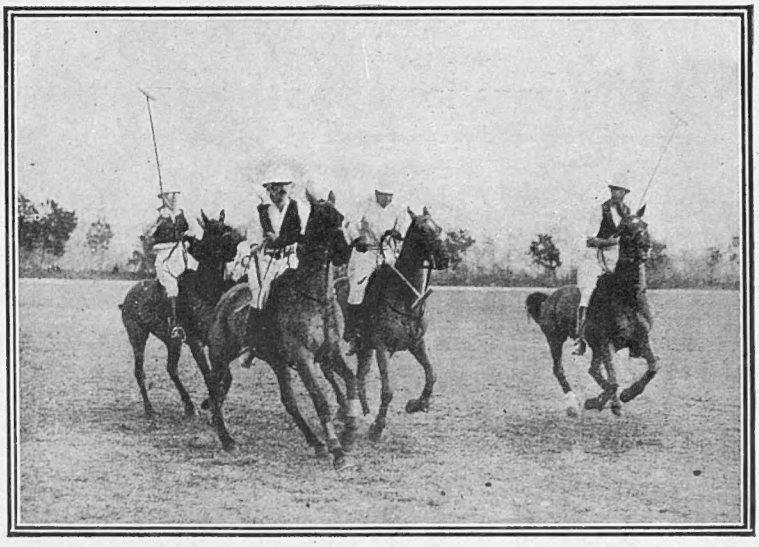
THE Villa Kazbeck, once the scene of so many royal splendours of the *ancien régime* under the auspices of the Grand Duke Michael and the Torbys, has changed with the times, and now represents ultra-modern democracy with its most charming American *châtelaine*, Lady Orr Lewis, a worthy successor to its former owner, with her lovely white hair, glorious pearls, most youthful face, and even more delightful manner. In a stately black velvet gown the other evening she was easily the most beautiful of the many lovely women at the Casino. Lady Trevor Dawson and Lady Beaverbrook are members of her house party.

Lord Rosslyn is in retreat at Saint-Raphael, but he often comes over for a flutter at the tables. Sir Edward and Lady Sassoon are at the Grand Hotel, the former just recovering from a bad attack of pleurisy, followed by pneumonia. Sir Philip Sassoon is at the Montfleury, and Lady de Trafford is here with a party. Prince Constantin Radziwill is at the lovely Villa des Dunes.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MISS RYAN

The well-known lawn-tennis player, with Mr. Simond, who referees the tournaments on the Riviera



Photograph *Sport and General*

POLO AT CANNES

A game in progress on the polo-ground at Mandalien

Photograph *Topical*

LADY ROTHERMERE

On the tennis courts at Monte Carlo

Photograph *Sport and General*

MAJOR AND MRS. AMBROSE DUDLEY

Mrs. Dudley is the younger sister of Lady Curzon

Photograph *Topical*

MR. C. H. RIDDING

Secretary of the Beaulieu Lawn Tennis Club, Cannes

THERE is a delightful story being told here against an unimpeachable British major of the older school. Called to the telephone one morning he arranged to play an early round of golf. Hurrying back to his room, as he thought, he hastily snatched up a pile of letters from the table beside the bed. To his horror a dainty boudoir cap appeared, and a small voice remarked, "I *should* like to know what you mean by taking my letters?" Hasty and abashed retreat of the gallant soldier!

Oh, and by the way, have you heard another delightful story to do with the Tiger this time, and not with the Riviera? Sir Alfred Mond was in Paris recently, and wishing to call upon the great Clemenceau, sent up his card. The latter examined it with curiosity, and exclaimed: "Qui est-ce? Je connais tout le monde, je connais aussi le demi-monde, mais ce mond-ci, je ne le connais pas du tout!" Complete extinction of Alfred M.!

IT is amusing to watch the different types among the motley, cosmopolitan crowd at the *chemin de fer* tables. Rider Haggard seems to find it of absorbing interest, for I have often seen him "takin' notes." There is the staid British matron, who feels she is being terribly *risqué* when she places a five franc counter on the table and feverishly watches to see if the bank will fall. Then there is the little *fille de joie*, resplendent in diamonds and sapphires, and little else, who gaily throws away mille notes as if they were so many "scraps of paper," until she has lost some fifty or sixty, when she rises with a laugh, exclaims, "Zut! j'ai assez perdu, bon soir!" and hurries away to dance until dawn looms pale in the sky. PETETTE.

An Orgy of "Isms"

IMPRESSIONS OF LAST WEEK'S CHELSEA ARTS BALL

On Wednesday last Chelsea, for once in a way, was pleased to pull its own leg. And to some purpose. The Albert Hall was crowded with dancers and decorations representing vorticism, cubism, futurism, and all the other "isms" you can think of, reduced to the furthest extreme of the fantastic, and the result was a night of revelry, laughter, and high spirits that outdid all the other nights that have previously been arranged by the enterprising Chelsea Arts Club

BY HELEN McKIE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY.

"Really Pompy Parties"

UNTIL now Mrs. Lloyd George has had no opportunity of giving what a young damsel of my acquaintance, aged ten, calls "really pompy parties." Prime Ministers' wives positively can't have "squashes" during War-time, and practically ever since the Armistice Mr. Lloyd George has either been in Paris or in Parliament.

Mrs. Lloyd George has begun with two tea-fights for the Coalition Members and their wives. At her first party she broke away from the Downing Street tradition. In old days you just drank your tea and talked, but Mrs. Lloyd George had a little concert, chiefly of Welsh and Irish songs, so you didn't have to talk unless you wanted to—a kindly dispensation of which nobody seemed to take advantage.

It was all extremely well done, and, personally, I liked the ermine trimming on Mrs. Lloyd George's dress. Heavens! can you call ermine "trimming"? Well, if you can't you know what I mean. And it certainly looked most "pompy," and absolutely the right thing.

Other Days, Other Manners

MRS. LLOYD GEORGE is not the first wife of a Prime Minister to introduce innovations at No. 10, Downing Street. Her immediate predecessor brought the flush of envy and annoyance to the cheek of every *couturière* in London by an exhibition, in those politically sacred rooms, of Paris dresses paraded before a vast tea-party on Paris *mannequins*. Some of the dressmakers wrote winged words to the newspapers about it.

From the Steps of a Throne

THERE is just as much romance and "incident" in real life as in film stories. My *Morning Post* tells me that a marriage has been arranged between the Comte Jan Ostorog, A.D.C. to the Polish Plenipotentiary in Paris, and Mlle. de Bourbon, youngest daughter of the Duc and Duchesse de Marchena. There is no indication here that the young Polish Count is marrying a near relation of the King of Spain. But it is so, the Duc de Marchena being a Bourbon cousin of King Alfonso.

THE EX-QUEEN OF PORTUGAL
Who is staying at Monte Carlo with her husband ex-King Manoel

You will remember a sensational jewel robbery at Wimbledon some few weeks ago, when many thousand pounds' worth of jewels were stolen. The owner of those jewels is the elder daughter of the Duc and Duchesse de Marchena, married to a wealthy English ship-owner. And she has been robbed of jewels twice since 1914.

The Germans Arrive

IN the summer of 1914 she was staying with her Duchess-mother in a *château* in the north of France. The first intimation they had of War was the entrance of the Germans into their village. They were at *déjeuner* when the blatant *Deutschland Über Alles* sounded in the village street. The Duchess and her daughters had only time to rush from the table to a motor. The castle and all its contents were deliberately destroyed after everything of value had been looted, including the jewels of the elder daughter.

In a Nutshell

DAME EVA ANSTRUTHER—to whom every ex-soldier man ought to raise his hat, because of the work she did in organising and carrying through the Camps Library—tells us, in *The Graphic*, that people can't have dinner-parties now in their own houses because kitchen-maids have practically ceased to exist. And it is not only kitchen-maids that are lacking. The War has made a nasty dearth of pennies with heaps of moderately well-off people. This accounts for the success of the Embassy Club, and the eagerness to join the new dance club in Grosvenor Road. Dancing has been such a craze that folks are

Who, When and Where—

one-stepping and waltzing between the courses at luncheon at the Embassy, not to mention at dinner and supper—and, of course, all the evening.

The jazz and the many varieties of "hugs" are now frowned upon. The waltz is coming back, hand over fist, and I would bet you anything that, if the crinoline spreads, we shall have quadrilles and lancers before we know where we are.

Dancing Clubs

In old days the young man of fashion was sure of at least three dances every night in the season. Now dances are few and far between. But at a good dancing club he is sure of dancing half the day and all the night. So, of course, he joins. And he can lunch, or dine, or sup at the Club, take his own partner, have a party, or join a party; be absolutely his own master and never be obliged to dance with a "wall-flower."

Actually, it is the restaurant habit applied to the ball-room. And it works out more satisfactorily for everybody. Only a bulti-multi-profiteer could compete with the *chefs* and orchestras of these clubs, and in these days of silent revolution men like to enjoy themselves without any feeling of social obligation. There you have the popularity of the dancing clubs in a nutshell.

A Sex-Inequality

At a recent charity function a beautiful gown by a leading French dressmaker was raffled for at five shillings a ticket. Couldn't some enterprising tailor give us clothes-distracted men (nice phrase that, Carlyle ought to have used it in his *Teufelsdroch*—only prices weren't the same then) a similar chance? If organisers of charity bazaars and all the other charity etceteras advertised the raffle of suits, overcoats, or even pyjamas, they would double their entrance fees from the crowd of men who would flock on the chance of getting something to wear that didn't cost umpteen pounds.

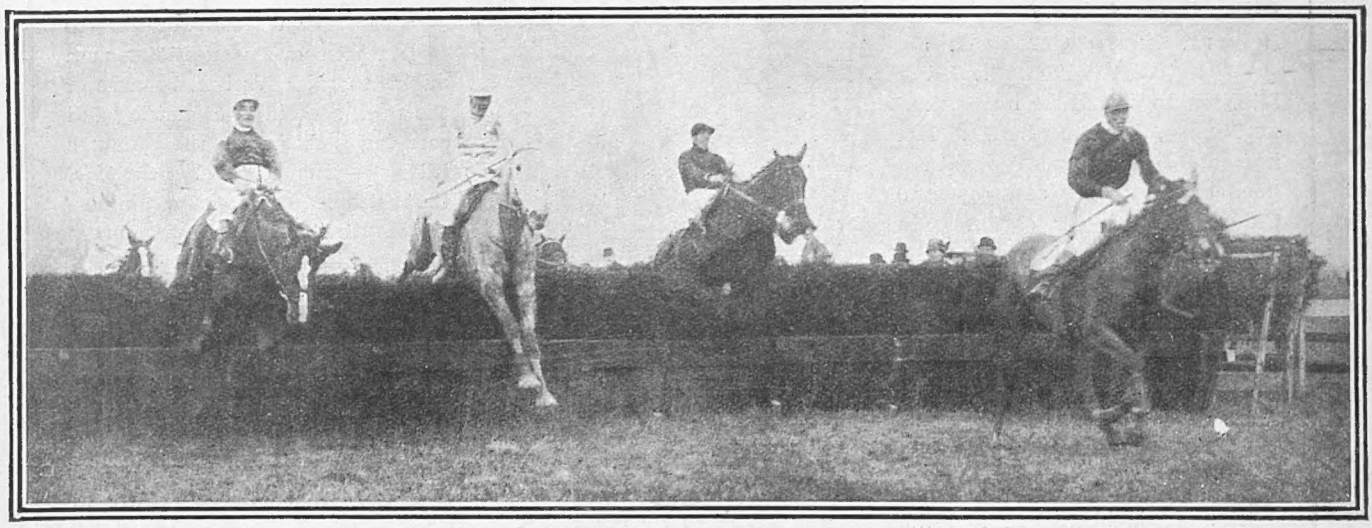
The New Corps Diplomatique

A cohort of diplomatic representatives has descended on London from the various new States created by the Peace Conference. By far the most able of them all is Dr. Ferdinand Veverka, whose official designation is "Attaché de la République Tchechoslovaque"—not Ambassador or Minister, mark you. He has a charming wife, who looks exactly like a Greuze picture. Countess Lutzow, who has now returned to her house in Deanery Street, has been doing social god-mother to the representatives of what is now her country, but used to be Bohemia. Lady Swaythling and Lady Mond have already given luncheons in their honour.

Photograph *Central News*

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF FINGAL

At the Ward Union Hunt Point to Point Races recently held at Palmerston Co. Meath



Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

THE LAST FENCE IN THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE, CHELTENHAM

Lucy Glitters II. leading Prudhomme (the winner), which is seen on the extreme left.

A "Bystander" Pot-Pourri

Photograph *Graphic Photo Union*

AT A MEET OF THE YORK AND AINSTY HUNT

This photograph was taken outside Copgrave Hall, where the meet was held, and in it will be recognised Colonel E. W. Stanyforth, Lady Bridgeman, Major Staplyton, Mrs. Stanyforth, Admiral Sir Francis Bridgeman Captain Wilmot Smith, Lady Grant Lawson, Mrs. Wilmot Smith and Major Craddock

Photograph *Graphic Photo Union*

EARL HAIG APPEALS FOR EX-OFFICERS

At the Baltic Exchange, where his speech had an enthusiastic and sympathetic reception

Photograph *Topical Press*

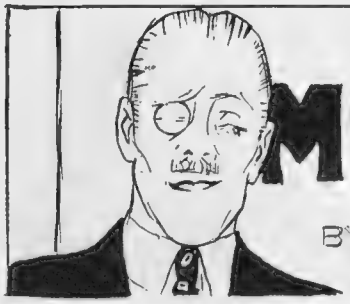
THE PRINCE WITH THE PYTCHLEY

His Royal Highness at the meet held last week at South Kilworth

A Musical Personality in Caricature

IMPRESSIONS OF SIR THOMAS BEECHAM AT COVENT GARDEN

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE



MONOCLE MONOLOGUES

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN

DRAWINGS BY - HIGGINS

No. XXI.—REGGIE ON THE VOTE

"MIND you, Reggie, it's one thing to propose that *all* women shall have the vote, but it's another . . . ."

"My amiable friend, don't labour under any such grievous error. Nobody's asked for it, and nobody in particular wants it. But we shall have it all the same. The people of this country have about as much control over their political fortunes as the average husband has over the sweet creature who married him.

"Apparently the more democratic a country becomes the less it has to do with running the show. We wake up every now and then to find a new Parliamentary terror added to life, and that's all there is to it. And as somebody or other has suggested that Votes for Flappers would be a rather nice thing, you may be pretty sure that before long the hand that plaits the pigtail will be taking its share in running the world.

"I've seen it coming for weeks and weeks, ever since the first lady M.P. strode manfully into the sacred chamber. She may be only a feather weight, but she carries a punch in each hand. One of 'em's labelled Pussyfoot and the other is called One Petticoat One Vote. The game is up. The pass has been sold. Our Coalition geese didn't even raise a cackle, and the sweet barbarians are within the gates.

"Already our legislators go in fear and trembling of the eight million electors who carry their votes in their stockings. They daren't say mum to anything, because they know that at the next election they'll be saying, 'Yes, Mum,' to the lady voters. And now that the ticket is demanded for thirteen million females you may be sure that the pathetic petition will be granted.

"It's a melancholy fact, old thing, but there isn't a single M.P. who has the pluck to stand up against the new tyranny. Every one of 'em knows that if he doesn't abase himself before the new political power his opponent will, so he's taking no chances. If our Lady M.P. demands votes for female babies she'll get 'em. And one day the country will arise from its uneasy slumber to find that the famous inspissated gloom of Dr. Johnson has descended on Merrie England. We shall be struggling in the twilight of civilisation that now enfolds the United States. There'll be thirteen million lady voters running the show, and only such alcoholic stimulant available as is prescribed for us by the lady doctors appointed by a female Government. Every man jack of us may yearn ardently to take to drink, but there won't be any to take to.

"But what can you expect, my lad, with the kind of comic Concert Party and Chorus that now pretends to govern us? I must confess that, in spite of all my inherited instincts to the contrary, I had retained a sort of lingering belief in our little friend from Wales. It was against all my principles. But I felt it was a sporting sort of thing to do. One has the sort of benevolent attitude towards small politicians that we're supposed to possess towards small nations. But now I've finally wiped him off the slate.

"Since that amazing Turkey Trot of his my last shreds of belief have gone. Any man who can juggle with pledges and promises and solemn asseverations in the way he has done ought to leave the staid job of Prime Minister behind him and tour the halls as the World's Premier Illusionist, Contortionist and Equilibrist. And on the lintel of the Sublime Porte ought to be engraved the mystic words, 'Ninepence for Fourpence,' so that future generations of Young Turks will know that whatever else Old England does she always keeps her pledged word

"However, there's not much use in grousing at Parliament. Everybody does it, and one has to be careful even in these democratic days. We've got it, and we've got to lump it. We know that the massed rows of the Chorus will swallow anything that's handed out to them. There's about as much kick in Parliament as in a juvenile air rifle. And if the dulcet tones of the female section of our legislature urge 'em to enfranchise

"The hand that plaits the pigtail"

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES (concluded)

thirteen millions of downtrodden sisterhood they'll do it on their fat heads."

"But, Reggie, why all this gloom? Everybody is agreed that women. . . ."

"My dear fellow, you do say astonishing things. Everybody has never said anything of the sort. I explained in a previous chapter that while the men were away doing the dirty work of the War our sentimental politicians presented the country with the embarrassing gift of eight million women voters. Everybody never had a word to say in the matter. Everybody—or most of 'em, at any rate—was abroad busily engaged in winning the War. Everybody never asked for eight million women voters, but it got 'em. And now that everybody's mightily preoccupied in the still greater task of trying to pay its taxes, the politicians are cheerfully preparing to double the dose. The fact that not a single mere male elector has asked 'em to do anything of the kind does not weigh with these six hundred good men and true, wrapped in their blind adoration of the Wise Man from the West.

"Of course, it's too late to do anything, and so, perhaps, it's not much use saying it, either. What's the good of one still, small voice in a landslide? But, all the same, I should like our sturdy legislators to know that there's one free-born Englishman whose admiration of their wisdom is strictly limited. If this country is to be governed by a majority of lady voters, here's one who would like to register a protest before the petticoated avalanche comes along.

"Women crowding into a bargain sale is one thing. It's their right and privilege to spend the money earned by the industrious creatures with the wrinkles in their foreheads. But women crowding *en masse* into the polling booths, with the flappers in the van, is quite another story. It's importing an element of levity into an affair which should be strictly matter of fact.

"When the Germans set out to conquer the world we buckled on our armour and saw to it that they wouldn't have a walk-over. But the female of the species seems as though she's about to carry off the prize without a single barbed-wire entanglement being put up to stop her. We haven't dug a single defensive position, and before we know where we are the male portion of these islands will be signing an armistice on very disadvantageous terms.

"Of course, nobody's worrying about it just now. They don't see what's coming. But since the ladies are pinching all the jobs of the sterner sex, I don't see why I shouldn't retaliate and take on the feminine rôle of Cassandra. And I warn you, old thing, that at the present rate of so-called progress these Islands will be in the grip of a tyranny that'll make the Lord of Creation feel like two cents. It'll be a case of the iron hand in the *suède* glove.

"The Rt. Hon Henry Herbert will bestow his benison on it."

"The ladies, bless 'em, have always been the real masters of the situation. But they have skilfully concealed their power under the label of privilege. Now they're coming out into the open, with sleeves tucked up and hob-nailed boots on. They've already captured the Bench, the Bar and Parliament, and I see that one bright member of the Coalition asked why they should not be appointed as Ambassadors It will serve him right if it happens. But all this is nothing to what's coming. Wait until the thirteen millions are enfranchised. Wait until every pert miss with a two-shilling novel and an attaché-case is a free and enlightened voter. Wait until they realise that, by virtue of that dispensation of Providence, plus the Great War, which gives 'em superior numbers, they can out-vote their husbands and brothers. . . . They'll take the seat that's offered 'em on the Underground with an ironical smile which will mean, 'I should say so. You behave nice and politely, or we'll put a Bill through making pipe, tobacco, and cigars illegal.' And every City toiler with a pipe in his face will realise that his only solace in life is hanging by a thread.

"But, of course, they'll see it too late. The Cassandra stunt never was a success. What's the good of crying 'Woe, woe,' in a world where prophets have to take a back seat to profiteers! One might as well cry 'Whoa, Emma.' The millionaires of Parliament can't see beyond their noses, and even so some of 'em have got a pretty wide horizon."

"But there's a little hope, Reggie. Now that Asquith. . . ."

"My dear old thing, when it comes to bestowing the vote on all womankind, from centenarians who can still read without glasses down to sweet flapperdom, the Right Hon. Henry Herbert will bestow his benison on it with all the meaningless but massive profundity of language, which is his proudest gift. He'll swallow the whole thirteen million without so much as a wriggle of his Adam's Apple. . . . No, the last thing we must expect from our politicians is that they'll ever think. And what with Petticoat Lane and Petticoat Government the average plain citizen is in for a very thin time."

"Selections for Sandown"

SOME "ARRIVALS" WHO ARE EXPECTED TO "GO CLOSE"

Sketches of some of the leading soldier-jockeys who will be seen in the saddle at the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park on Thursday and Friday this week

BY "THE TOUT"

From Platform to Screen

Photograph] MISS LUCY DART, A.L.C.M. *[Rita Martin*

Devon's beautiful soprano, who in private life is Mrs Charles E. Dawson, wife of the artist. She is the model for his popular "Dawson Girl," and will shortly appear in an all-British film of that name. Her little daughter, Diana Rosemary, will appear in the same production

JOHN FERGUSON

AT THE LYRIC HAMMERSMITH

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is an Irish play and a disthressful one at that. An ordinary person might reasonably conclude that there is already enough trouble in the world just now without anyone being asked to try and think up some more. I should not like to insist that the production of this play at the present juncture renders a very useful public service; but, on the other hand, there is the undoubted fact that in no other play in London is there to be seen such wonderful acting. The scene is laid in the kitchen of a farmhouse in County Down, and as the curtain rises we see John Ferguson, a man of exemplary piety, reading aloud from the Bible. John reads a good deal from the Bible during the play; and it is, I suppose, a sign of the times that some of the reading provokes a thoughtless giggle or two in the house. This is more noticeable when John is insisting on the poetic truth that though the night be tearful, "joy cometh in the morning." For it so happens that the morning brings with it a more tearful time than ever.

THE farm is mortgaged to Henry Witherow who threatens to foreclose. But James Cæsar, the local grocer, comes along and says he will pay off the mortgage for the Fergusons if they will give him their daughter Hannah to wife. This man, Cæsar, is powerfully represented by Mr. J. M. Kerrigan. You will have to go a long way to see finer or more impressive acting. Cæsar's great trouble is that he is a coward. He knows he is a coward, and he knows that all his neighbours are aware of the dismal fact. Yet that does not keep him from boasting about the licking he is going to give Henry Witherow if they happen to meet. And the day that they do meet, Witherow gives Cæsar a bit of a push and the fellow falls in a crawling heap on the ground and takes it lying down.

THE first complication arises when Hannah shows that Mr. Cæsar's attentions are distasteful to her. After all, a girl doesn't want a husband who, when burglars come to the house at night, jumps up and says he will wring their little necks, and then changes his mind and crawls under the bed instead. Old man Ferguson doesn't want

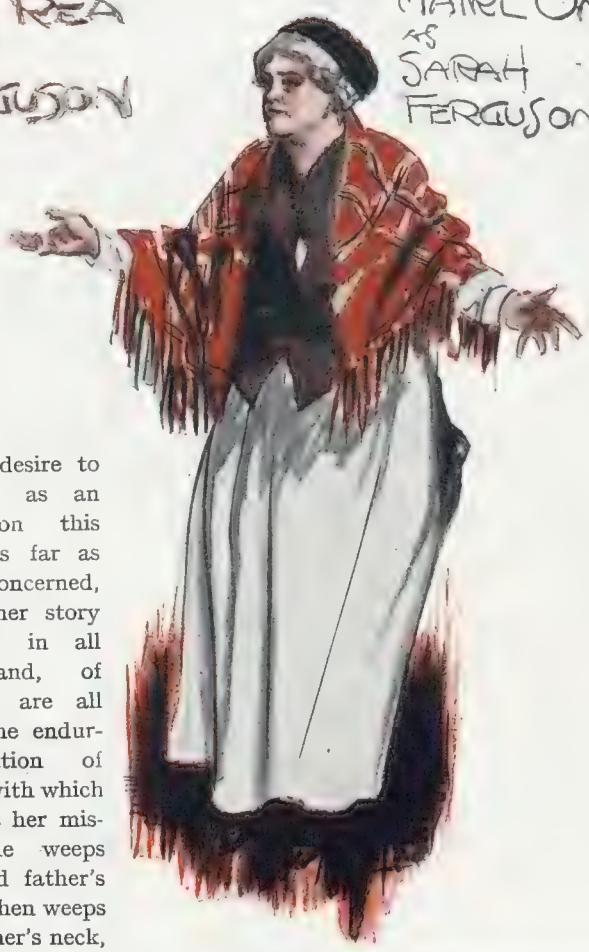
MOYNA MACGILL AS HANNAH FERGUSON

WILLIAM J. REA AS JOHN FERGUSON

to force his daughter into an ill-assorted match, but if she does not marry Cæsar, the farm will go out of the family, and he and mother will have to make tracks for the poor-house. The alternative for the poor girl is a cruel one, and we can only hope most fathers are not as mean as that in real life. Hannah consents reluctantly to marry Cæsar; and while he has gone down to the village to tell Witherow that he is taking over the mortgage, and to publish the fact that he's Hannah's young man, Hannah herself bursts into tears, and protests to her parents that she can't do it. So there is only one thing to be done after that. Hannah must go to Witherow and tell him that Mr. Cæsar was mistaken. He is not to be allowed to lift the mortgage on the farm, after all.

THEN we come to the painful part. Hannah returns to her parents trembling and tearful. So tearful in fact, that it is a long time before she can say anything. And then she can only hint at the distressing tragedy that has taken place. Mr. Witherow, who had always been one of her admirers, offered to see her part of the way home, and then, taking sinful advantage of a safe and lonely spot, forced her to suffer the last indignity. It seems strange that such a crime should have been possible with houses within earshot of the victim's screams, but I have no desire to be regarded as an authority on this question. As far as Hannah is concerned, we accept her story as truthful in all respects, and, of course, we are all moved by the enduring exhibition of tearfulness with which she deplores her misfortune. She weeps over her old father's knees, and then weeps on her mother's neck, and finally sobs herself up the stairs and out at the door.

CÆSAR'S attitude is his usual one. As soon as he hears the sad news he gets up and says he is going out to kill Henry Witherow. And here it is time to introduce "Clutie" John, the village idiot, another of the wonderful performances of the evening, by Mr. Miles Malleson. John has been given a drink of milk by the farmer's wife, and he has further been permitted to warm his bare feet in the chimney-corner. "Clutie" John has a grudge against Henry Witherow for the constant ill-treatment he has received at Witherow's hands. Although he has been told to keep silence, he can't help mentioning now and then that he is afraid Cæsar won't have the pluck to kill Witherow. And when he is left with Andrew, the son of the house, he harps always on his fear that Witherow will escape. He protests that he is only a poor fellow "away in the head," but if anyone had wronged



MAIRE O'NEILL AS SARAH FERGUSON

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

his sister like that——! And he keeps harping on the same string in a hesitating, half-frightened way for some time. Witherow really ought to be killed; but Cæsar probably won't have the pluck to do it, for all his valiant talk. And it would be a pity to let a man like that go free after ruining the sister of a young man who owns a gun and can shoot. At that, Andrew goes to the mantelpiece and takes down his gun, and vanishes into the night, as the novelists say.

IN the morning, instead of the advent of the predicted joy, all we get is the sad news that on the previous night Henry Witherow was shot dead by some person or persons unknown. In spite of the fact that recreations of this sort seem to be all the fashion in Ireland just now, the authorities are clearly disposed to make quite a fuss about it. Cæsar was known to have gone out the night before with the expressed intention of doing Witherow in; therefore, he is arrested and handcuffed, though he protests that he didn't do it, and everybody is satisfied that he would never have had the pluck to go to such a length. After Cæsar has been a fortnight in jail, Andrew informs his parents that it was he who shot Witherow, and he must now go and give himself up to the police. But good old John Ferguson, whose code of honour seems an elusive endowment, won't hear of any such thing. Andrew must escape to America—or anywhere else he may fancy, and Cæsar must look after himself. Besides, Cæsar went out of the house prepared to do the shooting, so that he's morally guilty anyway, and a man like that deserves what is coming to him. But Andrew is firm. In a scene that is quite painful in its realism, he takes leave of his father and mother, and then his sister Hannah escorts him to the prison gates.

MR. WILLIAM J. REA, who made such a gratifying success of the part of Abraham Lincoln, is hardly so well suited in the present piece. John Ferguson is a tiresome old bore, with his bad legs and his ill-timed quotations from the Scriptures. Still, in Mr. Rea's hands the character lives with unforgettable distinctness. Mr. Herbert Marshall is quite excellent as the son Andrew, with his quiet and natural air that gives the impression that he is not acting his part so much as living it. But, Lord love us all! here is the Spring. The buds are green, and the early flowers are in bloom, trade is improving, and the sun is already beginning to light up the path that leads to the happiness and prosperity of our people. We have paid homage to death and tears for so long, surely we may for a while forget them now! JINGLE.

Flats and Sharps on the Spree

BY THE BYSTANDER-BACK-IN-BERLIN

PRUSSIC Berlin is like Europe's other capitals, in that you cannot for love—or even for money—get a flat, house, villa, cottage, or even a tent in someone's back garden. If you come here for only a week, you can sleep, at thirty marks a night, in a permanently side-tracked railway sleeping carriage at Anhalt Station. If you come for longer, you've no chance. In 1914-1920 five million Prusses were killed, or died of disease, got left behind in Siberia, or forgot to be born, and the result is that bright Berlin has to-day 300 empty flats and 80,000 families, which means over 300,000 persons, which means 1,000 persons per flat, on the official list of claimants.

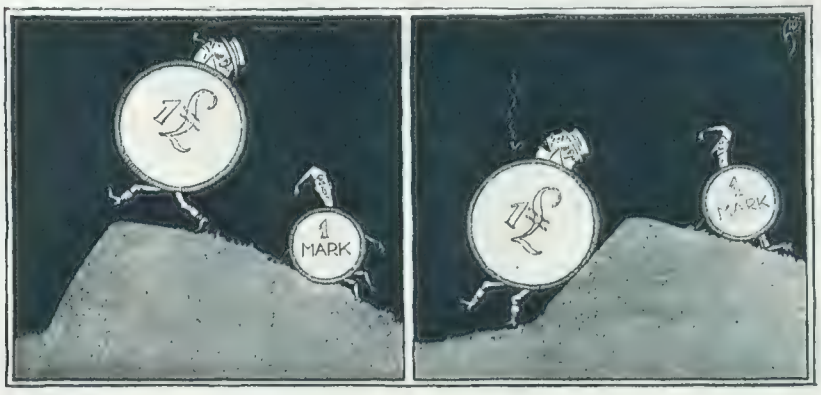
OF course, it's not absolutely impossible to rent, bribe, or violently take possession of a flat. The Berlin Bystander bribed himself into his, which is furnished; but as it's furnished in best Early-Friedrich-Wilhelm IV. style, and as he has his own tasteful chattels, he's been steadily trying to get his own habitation ever since. After negotiating, paying, and cajoling, he lamentably failed; and since then, thanks to sudden wealth, based on the mild Bradbury's elevation to an exchange of 340 marks, he's been trying to buy a house outright. Again in vain. For when you find a semi-detached villa that suits your *bourgeois* British taste, and when you've yielded to three successive demands by the owner for a higher price than he himself first set on it, you're suddenly floored by the demand, "Of course, you can supply me with a flat in exchange, Mein Herr?" Which, of course, you can't.

BERLIN'S housing-flatting question is regulated with full Prussic circumstance. Every one of Greater-Berlin's half-a-dozen municipalities has its own semi-independent *Wohnungsamt*. The *Wohnungsamt* requires that all vacant flats be at once registered with it; and it disputes the legality of all tenancy agreements that have not been submitted to it. It limits rents. No flat-house owner is allowed to charge his tenants more than 20 per cent. above the rent of 1914, plus a mild allowance for repairs and for dearer coal. Of course, that's not profitable; but there used to be ways of evading it. The rents of furnished flats were not restricted. So the ingenious landlord "furnished" his flat—put in two kitchen chairs, and a wrought-iron umbrella stand—and let the flat "furnished" at ten times the rent of 1914. But now the wicked *Wohnungsamt* claims the right to limit also rents of furnished flats.

THERE are ways of getting round the *Wohnungsamt*. One is to sign a contract stating a rent which the *Wohnungsamt* will pass as "reasonable" and then to pay the house-owner a vast sum on the quiet. The agreement mentions the modest rent of 3,500 marks a year, which, at present Bradbury exchange, is little over £10; and the owner's secret commission for letting you have the flat is 35,000 marks, which is just over £100. When you've done that, fresh troubles begin. For the Greater-Berlin Housing Union claims authority over the municipal *Wohnungsamts*, and you have to tackle the Union. When it refuses to sanction the agreement which the *Wohnungsamt* beneath it approved of, your only resource is boldly to take possession of the flat, and stay.

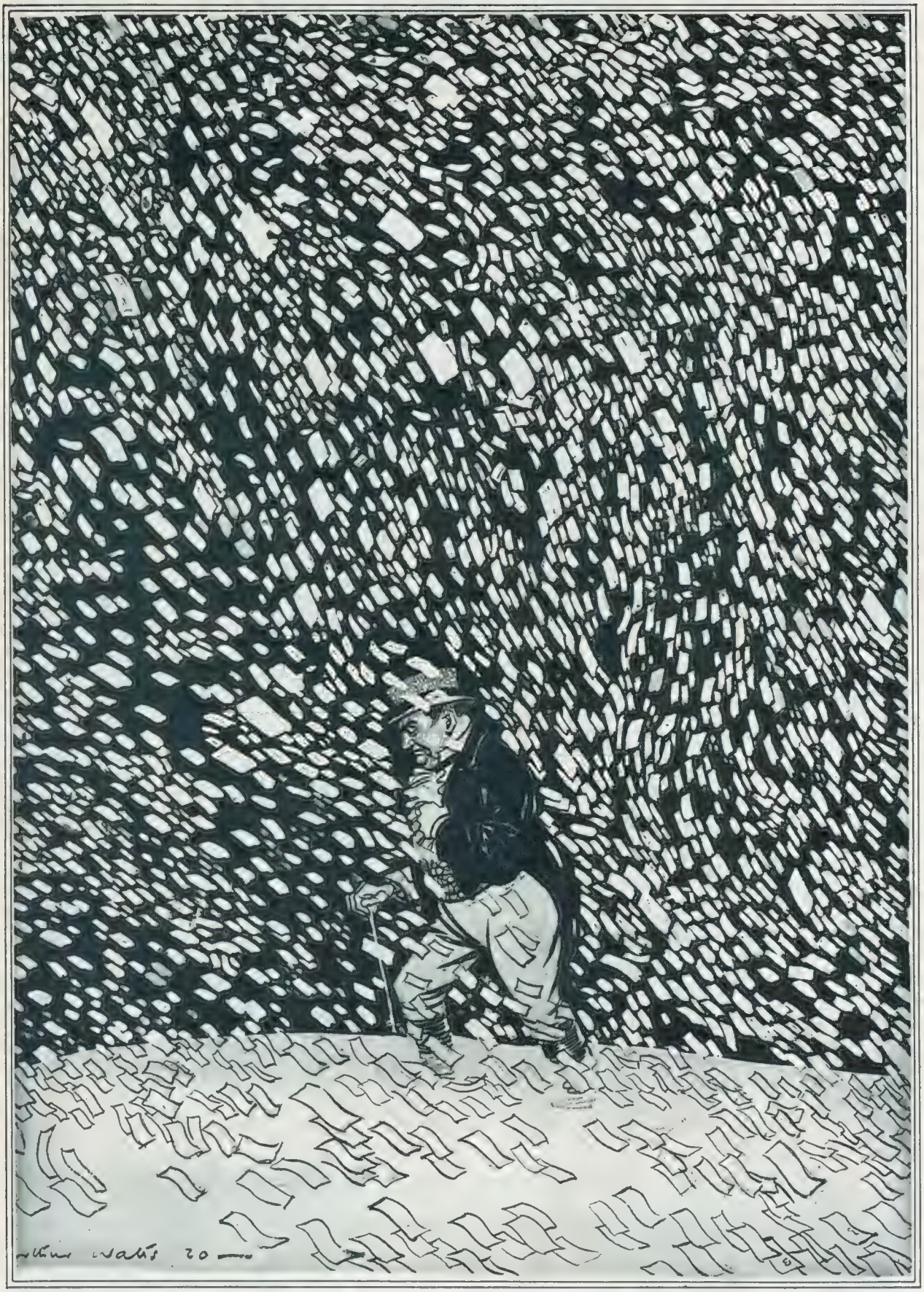
AND that—for the Pruss is really a most passive individual—is what you do. In theory, the Greater-Berlin Housing Union can not only evict you, but also fine you, and can order the local Municipality to refuse you bread cards. In practice, possession is nine points of the law. The Berlin Bystander's modest tenancy has never been sanctioned by the Union, and he had six portentous requests from the local *Wohnungsamt* to bring the Union's sanction. Each request contained at least 500 words. After the sixth he refused to continue the correspondence, and three days later came along a mild six-word document saying: "We no longer require the sanction."

WHAT'S the cause of it all? One cause of it is Getting Married. Every Pruss who's not already married (and some who are) is getting married now. The other cause is the State-enforced low rents. Wages and earnings have gone up threefold or five-fold, while rents must not go up more than one-fifth. Therefore, during the War the average citizen's flat-rent got relatively smaller and smaller; and the citizen's reaction to this was to move into a costlier flat with more rooms. The honest working-man, who used to be content with one room and a kitchen, thirsted for four rooms; the four-roomed lower-middle class family wanted eight rooms, and so on. And the kindly result is that soon no citizen will have any rooms at all.



"PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL"
What Germany thinks of the Exchange Problem
(From "Kladderadatsch," Berlin)

How John Bull Felt



—After Surviving the Hundred Pages of Cartoons and Skits showered upon him in our recent Special "Falling Pound" Number

BY ARTHUR WATTS

READY TO PLUNGE!

LOUISE: "Is Mrs. Potcash considered to be in the social swim?"
JULIA: "No, but it is realised that she has her bathing suit on!"

By Higgins

More Bridge Problems

(By the Author of "Bridge for the Illiterate," "From Yarborough to Grand Slam," etc.)

1. A plays the Ace, B the 2, C (dummy) the 3, and D the 4. Neither B nor D suggests observance of the time-honoured custom of kissing the dealer. Is A (dealer) entitled to do so?

2. X leads the 9 of Diamonds. Y discards the 9 of Spades, and absent-mindedly calls "Snap!" Subsequently Y plays a Diamond. Is X morally justified in claiming a revoke when Y has made a transparently honest error connected with another card game with which he is evidently more familiar?

3. J has a habit of moistening his thumb before and after dealing. May K, his opponent, object on hygienic grounds?

4. The cards lie as follow:
P, Clubs King.
Q, Clubs 4.
R (dummy), Clubs Ace.
S, Clubs 6.
P to lead. P. and R to make one trick, against any possible defence, thus winning game, rubber, set, match. Should P *finesse* his King?

5. At the tenth trick, F, finding his opponents making a certain grand slam, conceals a card in the turn-up of his trousers, and, at the thirteenth trick, claims a misdeal, The subterfuge is discovered. Should F be requested to remove his trousers, to prevent a repetition?

6. M has been dealt 13 Hearts. Is he justified in calling "No trumps" on the assumption that his partner probably has the other three suits guarded?

7. Four whiskies and sodas are standing on the card-table. T is dealing for his partner, V, who is filling a pipe. U, in urgently pointing out an apparent mistake by the dealer, jogs W, who starts and upsets the table. Who is to pay for a renewal of drinks?

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

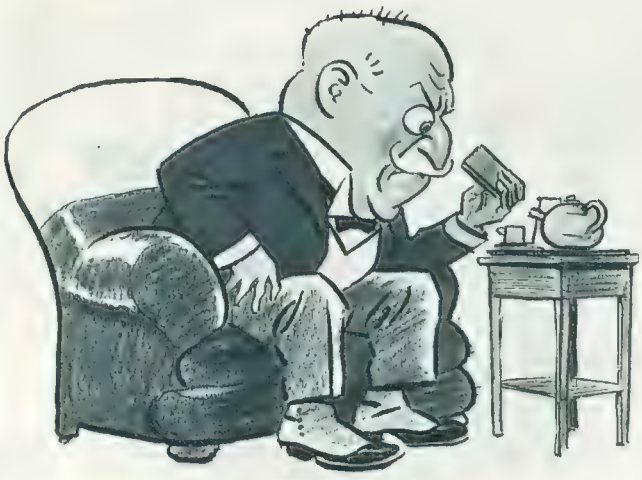
By Frank R. Grey

"Influential"

"Had the 'flue this season?"
"Of course, dear; I had it when Lady Pettigrew had it and all that set, you know!"

BY BERT THOMAS

A Lime-Light Lay.



"Property toast with your tea?"

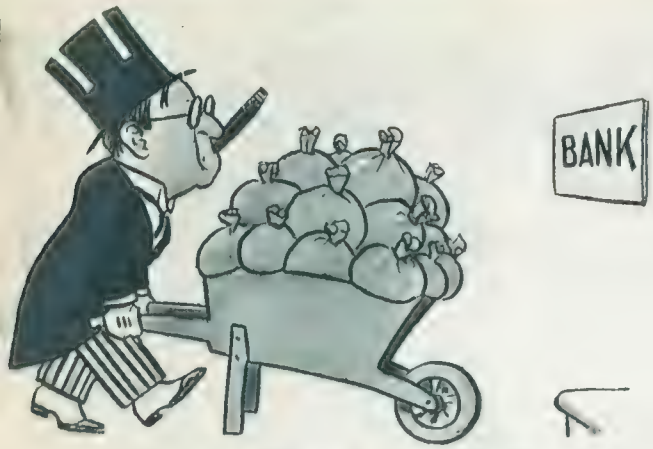
SOME people profess that the life of the Stage
Mirrors correctly the life of the age.
You hold that fabulous notion, no doubt;
Pause, for a moment, and argue it out.
Picture the life of the average man,
If based on our modern theatrical plan.

IN Clubland, the strangest results we shall see.
What about property toast with your tea?
Fluffy young flappers will juggle with trays,
Just as they do in our drawing-room plays;
While butlers, God help us, are dusting the chairs,
And telling the cook of our private affairs.

WHEN Law Courts are run as the theatres are,
Nice-looking boys will be called to the Bar;
Programmes will doubtless be printed each day,
Giving the rôles that the actors will play.
Judges or juries who fail to attract
Will be out of a job at the close of the act.

WHEN journalists copy theatrical men,
I shall wear glasses like J. E. Vedrenne;
Copy Frank Vernon's immaculate cut,
And make as much money as Cochran and Butt;
Take out Delysia to afternoon tea,
And let Gilbert Miller play snooker with me.

"Nice-looking boys will be called to the Bar"



"Make as much money as Cochran and Butt"

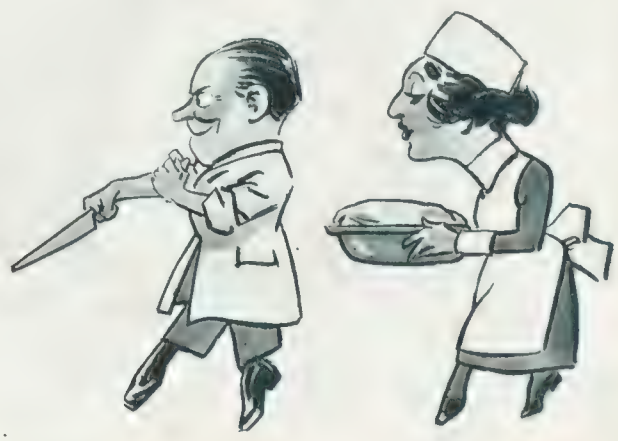
"Winston will turn on his topical stunt"

OUR Statesmen will ape the theatrical throng;
Six of the Cecils will burst into song;
Winston will turn on his topical stunt:
"Rupert's Revenge or Six Days at the Front."
Auckland and Eric, the terrible Twins,
Will break up the Party before it begins.

WHEN Specialists work on theatrical lines,
Surgeons will shove out electrical signs;
Force all their patients to freeze in a queue,
Just as theatrical managers do;
Give us appointments, but always be out,
And keep understudies to chop us about.

FINALLY, brethren, I think you'll admit,
Now you have thought the thing over a bit,
It is far better for us to eschew
Things that our actors and actresses do.
Fancy the features of Arkell and Leete
Printed on postcards and sold in the street!

"Printed on postcards and sold in the street"



"Keep understudies to chop us about"

"AFTER A

A FASHION"

BY WILMOT LUNT

The "Great White Way"—

—Looked Very White to Bill!

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in PARIS

"THE RAILWAY STRIKE." *Illustrated by* MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

IF one stays at home a railway strike does not trouble one very much. Of course, it made the difference that for one day one could get only two *plats* at the restaurants for dinner, that is not counting ten kinds of *hors d'œuvre*, and all the other things, and the cafés were ordered to shut earlier, and one was supposed to go home when they shut. But, as I say, it really

"I wanted to collect the tickets"

makes awfully little difference if one does not happen to want to go anywhere. That is how Paris took it. Everyone stopped at home, and it was only the wild Englishmen and Americans who have chartered aeroplanes to go to less amusing places.

FRANCE has been full all the time of the strike of distressed English and American people like that. Whenever they have heard that there was a railway strike and they could not go anywhere, they have at once decided that they must go as far as possible. One day I have lunched at the Café de la Paix, and at every table our Allies were telling each other how they have been three days coming from Nice or four days coming from Bordeaux. Even the waiter has been moved to pity by their tales, and has whispered to me: "Very bad thing this strike of the *cheminots*. It is preventing all the English people from going to the Côte d'Azur, and the Americans from getting their mails."

BUT though I make a joke at the English, there have been French people also who have found that a strike of the *cheminots* was not amusing. All the foolish ones who live in the *banlieue* have been cross like only French people can be cross. If it has happened when they were at home that the trains have stopped they have telephoned to their business: "Impossible, but impossible! to come to work." Then they have gone to the café and discussed the situation and the wickedness of the *cheminots* till it was time for lunch. Some of the wise ones have profited to dig their gardens for the spring sowing, but all the same they have protested very loud that it is to the country a disgrace that they should be so compelled to stay at home and make for three days a holiday.

THERE were other ones, too, who have had to stay in Paris because the train has not gone home in the evening. How sadly they have telephoned to their wives that they could not return. "What misery, my cabbage, that I shall not see you to-night, that, perhaps, it will be some days before I shall again return to my home. But, yes, the *patron* insists that I shall stay in Paris because, *voyons*, I might not be able to-morrow to be again at my desk. These *sacrés cheminots*

"I shall not see you to-night, my cabbage"

"To take pretty girls home"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

with their Bolshevism and their strike. But, no! I shall not stay at the house of your mother. My friend, Jules, has arranged for me."

IT has been very sad for those who could not so return home. But you know the Frenchman is always a philosopher. He is reasonable. Always he makes the best of a situation when he has finished to grumble. Perhaps therefore, it should be for the wives, to whom the husbands have not returned that one should have sympathy, because they could not go to the dancing or have the cosy little supper up in Montmartre. *Eh bien!* it must be very dull for the husbands going home every night in the winter to the suburb, and it is good for the health sometimes to renew one's youth. One hopes that the friend Jules will be always discreet.

EVERY one who usually does nothing has had at once when the strike began a great desire, like it was in England, to work so as to feel that one should be a hero! I, too, have gone, because you know it was the thing to do, and also my father has discussed the matter. At once they have registered my name with all the others, and asked my profession, and if, because I wrote for THE BYSTANDER, I could drive a locomotive, and whether if I did not drive a locomotive I would be willing to collect tickets? As it did not seem very hard work, I said I could collect tickets, but it seems that everyone wanted also to collect tickets, and so my country, which was not so kind when it wanted me to go in the Army, has not this time demanded my valuable service. Perhaps, next year, when they have finished to sort out the names of all those who have wished to work, they will let me know.

THE second day I have had another idea—to drive a motor-car to take pretty girls home. But before I have succeeded to borrow a car from any of my friends I have seen how some one else has managed. The poor fellow had a *camion*, with a label "To Versailles," in the Rue Saint Honoré, and he has thought that he would make his fortune with the people who would wish to go home. Unfortunately, there were so many that it has been necessary to have ten policemen to prevent that they should trample on each other, and even when there were ten policemen the *camion* has broken with the weight of all those who had climbed on to it, and they have fallen through the floor in the Place de la Concorde.

"More and more taxes"

AFTER that I became discouraged of my endeavours to help, and have decided that the idea of the Parisian was best that when there is a railway strike one should content oneself to stay at home and pay no attention. For me I think that was why it has ended so quick. The poor *cheminots* saw that no one was getting really disturbed, and that even if they made a Soviet by themselves they would have to work just the same. One of them has complained, when I have taken the train after it was over to go to the races, how he had spent every day listening to great orations because he wishes to know what to do when the revolution began. "How they have talked and I, like a fool, listened," he said, "when I might have spent my time at the *bistre* singing songs. I thought they would really do something, these wild ones who talked so much and, *voilà*, there is all—I have wasted my holiday and lost three days' pay."

THAT is all that has come of it, except the stories of the English and Americans of their adventures, and that probably we will have to pay more taxes like the new ones they make in Paris that one should pay forty francs if one has a *bonne*, and, again, forty francs if one has a piano. PHILIPPE

MISS PEGGY VERE

The talented English actress well-known on the French stage. It is expected that Miss Vere will shortly appear in a production in London

The Latest in Paris Hats

THE "VIVE LA FRANCE"
In white coque feather on pure white straw

A LARGE PICTURE HAT
Trimmed with black Osprey and Bird-of-Paradise plumes

Designs by

THE "DOLLY VARDEN"
Of black straw, with black Chantilly lace

Reville

THE "SPHINX" TOQUE
Of wonderful amber and turquoise embroidery and Indian bead tassels

The Working Premier

(After W. S. Gilbert)

WAKING early in the morning
I get up, a real "live-wire,"
And all slothful slumber scorning
Don my workaday attire,
And continue (see below)
My career of "Push and Go."
First I skim the morning news and get *au fait* with people's views, and
Opposition propaganda circumvent;
Then despatch a *strafe* to Winnie, who has turned an honest guinea
With an article on "Social Discontent."
Private Secretaries rope me in at nine
With a few odd thousand letters which I sign;
At ten-thirty, though my English butler quails,
I declaim in Welsh "God save the Prince of Wales."
Then perhaps the brothers Geddes in successive waves (or eddies)
Will discuss the price of Wool, and Higher Wages with a sob;
Or some other colleague doubles round to tell his little troubles,
And implore me to provide him with a more congenial job.
Austen calls each day and waxes very eloquent on Taxes,
Letting loose a flood of figures no man living could refute;
But I stop him in the middle for a chat on golf with Riddell
Or to give resigning Ministers the Order of the Boot.
O, philosophers may sing of the pleasures of a king,
But the pleasures of a Premier are more refreshing fruit;
And the privilege and pleasure that I treasure beyond measure
Is conferring on a Minister the Order of the Boot.
Having lunched upon a sandwich I feel tolerably bland (which
Is remarkable I venture to suggest),
So to keep myself from drowsing I consider Pensions, Housing,
Unemployment, Reconstruction, and the rest.
Deputations start to call just after three,
All expressing love and loyalty for me;
Visitations such as these become a bore—
But I stick it till I have my tea at four.
Then I answer Questions meekly (this affair is now a weekly
Institution)—Members' thirst for information takes the cake
And if things are dull and humdrum I expound some small conundrum
Such as "How much profit really do the Bradford Spinners make?"
I prepare some chaste orations for the good old League of Nations,
Wobble gently, do a wriggle, write a "Black List" for the Hun;
Then, a wizard and a winner, fly to Downing Street for dinner
With a comfy sort of feeling that my duty has been done.
O, philosophers may sing of the troubles of a king,
But a Premier has pleasures full of simple, homely fun;
And the culminating pleasure that I treasure beyond measure
Is to read the *Daily Mail* in bed on "Things that MUST be done."

ADRIAN ROSS

THE CAUTIOUS CRITIC

"I wonder if it's good?"
"I don't think so: I rather like it."

Half-Time

(The adoption of 24-hours' time for public purposes will be recommended shortly by the Committee appointed by the Home Secretary.]

I'M threatened with a great dilemma,
Instead of saying 10 pip. emma,
My clocks must learn—as French ones do—
To tell the time as 22.

Though this may work in other places,
I fear my clocks will set their faces
Against a plan they do not like,
In fact, I'm sure that they will strike!

LESLIE M. OYLER

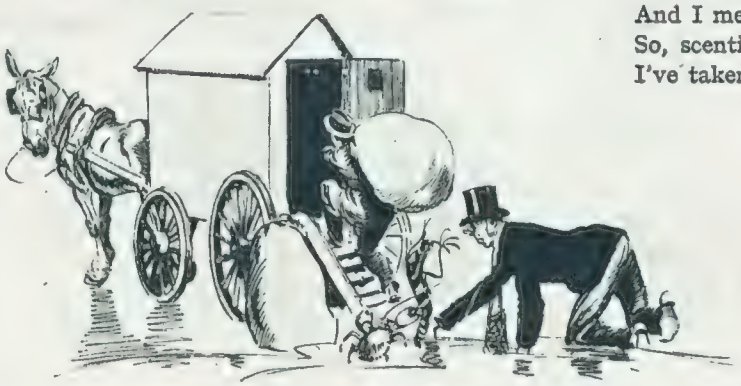
A NEW SHELL SCANDAL

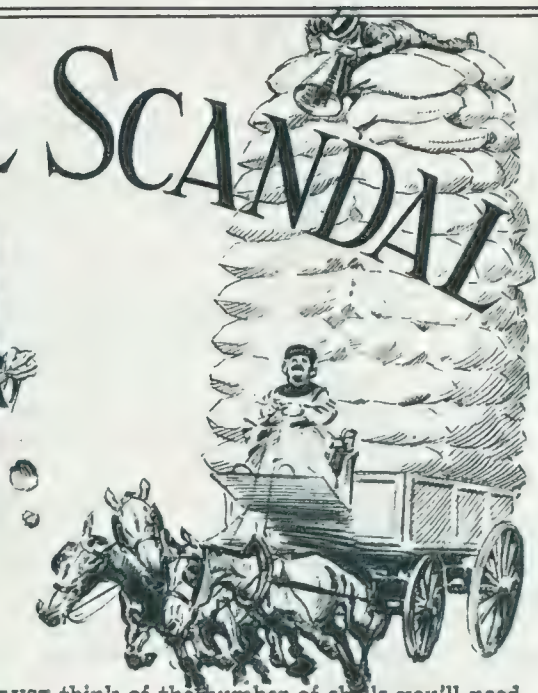
By
A. A. THOMSON

In view of the shortage of metal, it is suggested that we should revert to the prehistoric custom of using shells instead of coins.]

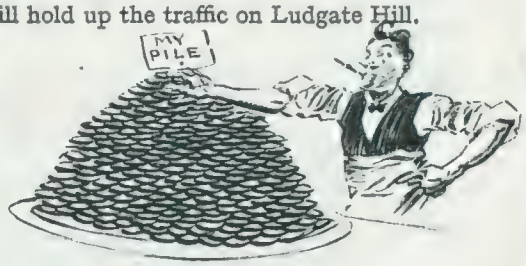
WHEN silver and gold are at last demobbed,
And the shilling's cut down till it's almost bobbed;
When a five-pound note is worth one-and-two,
And a *quid pro quo* is a quid *napoo*;
When the Bradbury's buried and laid to rest
And our "Fishers" go sailing out into the west;
When we find the bankers are far too 'cute
To cash the "checks" on a cast-off suit—

WHEN all these horrors have come to pass,
Our sole consolation will be, alas!
To gather up shells by the sad seashore
(As Wilkie, the bard, once chanted of yore).
We'll purchase our mutton, for making hash,
With mussels and cockles instead of cash,
And try to atone for the loss of notes
By robbing poor shrimps of their overcoats.





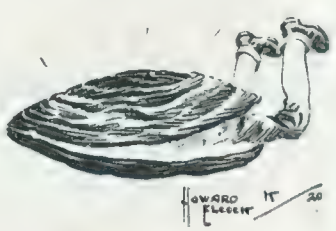
JUST think of the number of shells you'll need
To furnish your pipe with the fragrant weed;
You'll set about paying your Income Tax
With a waggon containing a hundred sacks;
A Daimler lorry you'll need, no doubt,
To carry your loose small-change about,
And the money to settle a tailor's bill
Will hold up the traffic on Ludgate Hill.



THE dear Old Dame of Threadneedle Street
Will find the pressure so hard to meet
That she'll swell, beneath the appalling strain,
To something the size of Salisbury Plain.

. . . . .

But I am the wariest man alive,
And I mean to be rich when these times arrive,
So, scenting futurity from afar,
I've taken a job in an oyster-bar.



SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

BY YOUR LEVER

BY FRANK ELIAS

[*The fact that Lord Leverhulme is going about the world setting industry on its feet will have been noted by the newspaper-reading public, who will have discovered that among the areas most recently thus favoured are Lewis, the Niger, and Vancouver. What may be less generally known are the following details of Lord Leverhulme's recent proceedings.*]

Lord Leverhulme purchases the trunk manufacturing business at Elephant Island. . . .

Lord Leverhulme, in order to extend his bird-fancier connection, buys the Canaries. . . .

Arrival of Lord Leverhulme at Easter Island, where he establishes the egg industry on a proper footing. . . .

In connection with Lord Leverhulme's recent purchase of the Isle of Dogs, it is authoritatively stated that the distinguished capitalist has now acquired Peru in order that his dogs may acquire the true Peruvian bark. . . .

. . . With reference to Lord Leverhulme's recent deal in railway buffet supplies, it is stated to-day that he has purchased the Sandwich Islands. . . .

Lord Leverhulme has created a sensation in the building trade by his purchase of Swiss Cottage. . . .

In furtherance of his plan to control the sewing cotton trade it is believed that Lord Leverhulme has acquired the Needles . . .

Entry of Lord Leverhulme into the garden requisites trade by the purchase of the greater part of Botany Bay. . . .

Lord Leverhulme is said to be giving a good deal of attention to the question of improving the personnel of his various undertakings, and with a view to this he is said lately to have taken steps to acquire for his own service some of the Nuts of Brazil. . . .

Lord Leverhulme purchases the Orange River, with a view to entering the fruit trade. On his return to England it is announced he will give a lecture on his experiences, illustrated by lime-juice views. . . .

Arrival of Lord Leverhulme at Baffin's Land in order to establish the manufacture of the celebrated local baffys. . . .

Lord Leverhulme, in order to develop the writing-ink trade, purchases the Black Sea and the Blue Mountains. . . .

To-day we hear that in order still further to extend his dry soap connection, Lord Leverhulme buys up Hudson Bay. . . .

Lord Leverhulme acquires large concessions in Cochin China in order to have a part in the poultry trade. . . .

Arrival of Lord Leverhulme at Christmas Island, the entire tree crop of which he immediately acquired. . . .

Lord Leverhulme, whose interests in fish are already well known, is now understood to have purchased Finland for net cash. . . .

Lord Leverhulme arrives at the Friendly's, where he is welcomed by the populace and presented with a bouquet by a polished Female Friendly Islander. He afterwards purchases the island in order to export in sealed jars the local air to Russia, Ireland, and other places in need of a friendly atmosphere. . . .

Lord Leverhulme, in a fit of absent-mindedness, buys Dublin. . . .

Lord Leverhulme, discovering what he has done, sells Dublin in haste. . . .

(*Later.*) It is understood that Lord Leverhulme has only been able to dispose of Dublin by paying the purchaser a heavy sum.

A MATTER OF MEMORY

Boy (*who has been sent home for birth certificate*) to employer: "Please, sir, mother can't git my certificate, 'cos she forgets which church I was born in"

By Albert Bailey

That "Submerged Tenth"

FEMALE THESPIAN: "What are you earning now?"
MALE THESPIAN: "Oh, about a hundred a week"
FEMALE THESPIAN: "Gracious!"
MALE THESPIAN: "But they only pay me the usual ten!"

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"Sackcloth and—Ashes!"

SHE: "And what are you denying yourself this Lent?"
HE: "I am denying myself the luxury of boasting I have given up tobacco!"

BY NORMAN KEENE

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *March* 15, 1920

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT is it that gives its nameless charm to this London of ours when, a little tired, with just a little soft sadness round the heart, we return to its grimy greyness from that other clean greyness of the far Cornish country?

SO much that is artificial, so much that is hectic and relentless in the merciless race with the passing hour that we inhale with every breath of London air. . . . Such squalid closeness in the byways, such a huddle of humanity in the streets. . . . And such tiny, heartbreaking, furtive, fleeting glimpses of spring, where, in the country, it was all spread before us, like the vision of a bride emerging into the sun out of the dark church porch.

YET even in London the flower-stalls at the corner, and the shops, are extra laden with daffodils and primroses and tulips and hyacinths and anemones, and the strangely bright sun slants off black-cowled chimneys, whitening the bare roads and warming the dusty corners of my taxi. Where one comes back with a jerk to our new peace-at-a-price life, faced with the new increased fares. Which take some calculating, don't they, though the book of words lies open before you?

SEEMS, though, it just simply can't be avoided, that little tightening of the heartstrings that always comes when once again something dear and lovely is behind us. . . . When the necessities of mundane life and the call of the world bring one back to stern realities. . . . When the stolen hours of holiday have slipped away and nothing remains but a misty memory of how—

In green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.
The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit.

AND talking of spring, Easter in a fortnight! The old *Tempus* does *fuge* and all that sort of thing, doesn't it? May be made for slaves, but the trouble is we *are* all slaves—

. . . the greatest as the meanest
Nothing rests upon our will.

Carpe diem, or gather ye rosebuds while ye may, as those wise livers of life, the Romans, put it. The Caravan starts for the Dawn of Nothing. always a question, isn't it, however tragically Life hastens, however fragrant one's memories, whether one could live it all over again? Most of us, I'm afraid, when the battle is over, are too tired to want anything very badly. Sleep must seem sweeter to the old even than love.

WHICH is all that matters, though, in the end as in the beginning. Life and death—I think it was Gilbert Cannan in one of his earlier, better books who wrote it—

. . . are brothers in the service of love. We and everything that is in this and all the worlds are the vessels, the instruments of life and death. In so far as we perceive love and obey its law, we are used by life. In so far as we close our eyes to love and deny its law, we are the henchmen of death. . . .

NICE, cosy, *affectionate* doctrine, anyway, isn't it, and I'm all for it? 'Specially when spring's in the offing and there's a Peace on, and love is not, as in war, a sword in one's heart, ever turning. Was reminded of war-times rather poignantly last week by the way, as I crossed the great Saltash Bridge at Plymouth on my journey up from the West. For there, lying lashed together in threes and sixes, rust-ridden, derelict, humbled, deserted, is the flotsam and jetsam of the greatest battle fleet that ever put to sea.

BIG ships, little ships, majestic ships, funny ships. . . . Battle-cruisers grey and grim still, but smokeless, powderless, shorn of their pride and

"Contemplative" going out and buying a dictionary"

dignity. And slim submarines no more romantic and exotic. And tiny M.L.'s, their little fury spent. And rows and rows and rows of lean destroyers, standing so strange and still, that once flashed like fireflies, tossing fiendishly in dirty weather and *eating* space wet or fine, guarding the shores of England.

卐 卐

So much young keen life had been lived, so much laughter had rung, so many boyish hearts, perhaps, had sunk a little on those slim devils of thin steel that cost such thousands—of money and men. And there they lay—lumber, waste-matter, valueless, dead. The sight of them all, lying there in the blue Hamoaze, brought back so many memories, sweet—and bitter. For wars aren't won in harbours, are they? And on ships they went away from us—

> . . . the resolute, the young,
> The eager and whole-hearted whom we gave.

One wants to forget *so* much of the War—and to remember even more. Such a kaleidoscope it was of pride and pain.

卐 卐

Apropos, have you read Philip Gibbs' wonderful book? A terrible indictment of war—and of those who sent us to it. I thought of Chesterton's Elegy as I turned the poignant pages—and read my paper next morning—

> Oh, they that fought for England,
> Following a fallen star,
> Alas! alas! for England,
> They have their graves afar;
>
> And they that rule in England
> In stately conclave met
> Alas! alas! for England,
> They have no graves as yet!

"The awful truth-telling habits of portrait-painter John"

卐 卐

About books, quite an amazing lesson in word-making, or, rather, word-using, in *the* most brilliant book to date of the spring season—Aldous

"Deplete her bank balance"

Huxley's *Limbo*. Really contemplated once or twice going out and buying a dictionary, I did, as I read with puzzled pleasure this young man's esoterologistic efforts. Here's just a *small* selection. A choc'late for anyone who knows what they *all* mean, straight off, without thinking:—

Eschatology; agapes; Albigensian; Bogo mile; Manichean; imbricated; thaumaturge; philarithmic; chryselephantine. And who were Sidonius Appollinarius, Commodianus of Gaza, Pomponazzi, Laurentius Valla, Poseidippus, Eupompus? All these, and lots more, in one short book of stories. I like these brain-wriggles, don't you?

卐 卐

The Easter eggs are laid—in the shops, anyway, and Easter clothes delight the eye of woman, and deplete her bank balance. London this season's to be its old familiar pre-War self again—only it'll cost us more. For the profiteer profits more terribly than ever. Stage sensation of the week is Barrie's play for Karsavina of the Russian Ballet, illustrations by Nash. It's a delicious trilogy.

卐 卐

And we're still gasping over the awful truth telling habits of portrait-painter John at the Alpine Gallery, of course. I don't really think painters *ought* to see right through into one's inside do you?

With love, yours ever.

Blanche

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Testing Candidates—

—For the Post of Milk Sourer at a Cream Cheese Factory

BY HEATH ROBINSON

Train Up the Father!

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

THE classes for teaching young girls how to run their families after they have grown up and become wives and mothers have been so successful that it is now proposed to take the boys in hand and train them up in the way they should go as the fathers of the future.

THE boy who expects in the natural course of things to become the head of a family, whose lightest wish will be readily obeyed, ought, in all kindness, to be disillusioned by educational methods. He should be taught early in life the golden rule of every family that—Anything Does for Father. Mother will, of course, want her new hats, and the children simply must have nice clothes and boots; but if father has to trim the edges of his shirt cuffs with a pair of scissors before starting for Town every morning it doesn't matter very much. It's only father!

IN its earliest years the father will presumably not have much to do with the family, though he should be taught to show sufficient interest in each domestic event to prompt him to enquire whether the latest arrival is a boy or a girl. It is when the child is about five that father's business really begins. The father of the future should, therefore, be trained to answer all the questions that arise in the enquiring mind peculiar to that tender age.

FOR instance, the father of the future ought easily to be able to answer off-hand such questions as: Why are cows cows and not horses? What keeps the moon from falling out of the sky into our garden? Where is the wind when it isn't blowing? Some fathers of the present get out of the dilemma by sending the child to bed; but that is a very cheap way of evading parental responsibility.

AS the boys grow older they come naturally more into the father's department. No doubt an examination paper put before a father of the future will run something like this: "You are a father who has always remained at the disadvantageous height of five-feet-two. Your son of nineteen stands six feet in his socks, and is heavy in proportion. Suppose you have taken the trouble to give him a stern parental lecture, and his only comment is that you are talking like a silly old ass. What are you going to do about it? So many fathers would like to know the right answer.

THEN there is the daughter. The father of the future should be taught that as long as his daughter is only a confiding little girl, he will be her infallible hero; but as soon as she grows up she will quickly discover the ridiculous mistake she has made, and will lose no time in recanting her past error.

A PECULIARITY of grown-up daughters, that ought to be explained in the text-books of the new curriculum, is their fatal habit of wanting a new frock, or some spending money for the Sales, on the very day on which your rent is due, and the tax-collector has been brushed off the doorstep for the third time. The father of the future who expects to be a business man in the City ought to be trained quite early in life to do without such extravagant luxuries as lunches and teas, which only give him a false impression of his proper sphere in life.

THEN there will arise the absorbing question of the daughter's admirer. Some future fathers may be hopelessly misled by the comic papers that tell how the stern parent wantonly kicks the young man off the doormat, and then goes complacently back to his cigar in the drawing-room.

LET us tell the rising generation of fathers the plain truth, however bitter it may be. Let them be taught decently to conceal their overwhelming joy that Mabel is getting off at last, for she always was the nagger of the family, and cultivate a sad smile of regret at the breaking of a home tie, so that the young man in the case may not know what he is letting himself in for till it is too late for him to back out of it.

"THE FUNNY STORY" By A. H. D'EGVILLE

"DIZZY"

"DIZZY" is in the air. So, at least, asserts the March *Book Monthly*. Disraeli's novels have blossomed into a brand-new popular edition, and his biography is expected this spring. These things being so, Mr. C. E. Lawrence's admirable study of him as "A Novelist, a Statesman, and a Man" will be read with especial interest at this season. This article is but one of many good things of interest to all book-lovers in the current *Book Monthly*.

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RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

"Bob" Dewhurst

One of the most popular men at Newmarket is Captain R. H. Dewhurst. His skill in the training profession is acknowledged by all. He is very thorough in his methods, and when he declares one of his horses to be fit you can safely bet that the animal is trained to the hour. I think he will tell you that the best horse he ever trained was Corcyra, and it was unlucky for him that by some mischance the handsome colt was not entered for the Derby. He has a strong string for the coming season, and hopes to start off well by winning the Lincolnshire Handicap with Bruff Bridge. Captain Dewhurst is much too experienced in the sport to be cocksure about any race, but it is something in Bruff Bridge's favour that the trainer fully expects him to run well.

Cheltenham Success

Cheltenham lays itself out to make the National Hunt fixture a great success, and last week the object was completely achieved. The crowd was tremendous on each day, and the racing on the whole was up to the standard of this meeting. Ireland brought out a really good "lepper" in Prudhomme, and carried off the chief event. Gerald L. won the big steeplechase on the second day in extremely attractive style, and his prospects of following up this success in the Grand National are not to be lightly regarded.

A Lingfield Attraction

A great attraction this week will be the Lingfield Park Steeplechase on Wednesday. Here the Grand National horses, Troytown, Silver Ring, Turkey Buzzard, and others will meet over two miles. I think this distance will be too short for any of the Aintree horses to appear to advantage. Raybarrow will probably run well, but I look for the success of **King's Carol.**

The Grand Military

Somehow I do not think there are so many good soldier jockeys as there were before the War. Of course, a terrible toll was taken of them during the conflict, but there ought to be plenty of keen youngsters coming on. Perhaps the best of the younger school is Captain Bennett, who has done so well lately that he is beginning to ride with the assurance of a professional. I hope that the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park will reveal some more promising riding talent.

THE TRAINER OF BRUFF BRIDGE

Capt. R. H. Dewhurst is hopeful that his colt will win the Lincolnshire Handicap

By "The Tout"

Gold Cup Outlook

The revival of this popular fixture is delightful. As a sporting and social function it is pleasantly sandwiched this year between the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham and the great carnival at Aintree next week. There will be the usual keen desire to win the Gold Cup on Friday. I have known much better entries, but, no doubt, the race will pan out all right. I expect the trophy to go to the Hon. Aubrey Hastings's stable, probably with **Crishna.**

Some Likely Winners

With regard to the minor races the Hunters' Steeplechase, or the Tally Ho! Steeplechase, may be won by **General Servant,** who made a good show in the big race at Cheltenham. The Maiden Steeplechase on the second day may fall to **Anytime,** of whom I also made a favourable note at the National Hunt Meeting. The second day's programme is much strengthened by the Imperial Cup, a £1,000 hurdle handicap, in which **Frank Webber** may make amends for his defeat at Manchester.

"ONE down the other come on." No sooner is one bogey laid than another crops up to disgruntle those who go down to the City in taxis and more modest means of motion. The latest fear of an advance in the Bank of England minimum rate of discount has, as I anticipated a week ago, been dispelled, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, as that venerable institution is irreverently called, having vouchsafed to maintain the *status quo*, already sufficiently onerous to the country's trade, at 6 per cent. The recrudescence of labour unrest then helped to unsettle the Stock Markets, but, happily, the Trade Union Congress has considerately decided not for the moment to bring the nation to a standstill by a general strike.

So much for the bunkers threatening to spoil our card, but circumvented more by luck than by skill. The Stock Exchange, in an atmosphere of its own, alternately raised by "chauffage central" and lowered by electric fans, is impervious to the "hot air" let off by our legislators preaching economy and practising extravagance. It doesn't care a row of pins for the fate of Constantinople, it ignores the "monkeying" of the United States with the Peace Treaty, and the American exchange, discussed from all points of view in the penultimate number of THE BYSTANDER, is a minor dolour.

THE severe competition of the new issues, coming not as spies, but in battalions, is, however, "another pair of bags," and therein is to be found the prevailing slackness of business. The art of simultaneously placing money in two different places has, like the philosopher's stone, still to be discovered, and as *The Little Visiters* are absorbing a mighty amount of the public's loose cash, there is obviously a correspondingly less supply available for investment in already existing securities. The avidity with which most of these new propositions are taken up proves the provision of a long-felt want, but The Comedy is not the only habitation of "Wild Geese," and discrimination "imposes itself," as our French friends have it, in connection with the ventures. None of the above breed will, at all events, be incubated in these columns.

MY *métier* being not actually to give my readers "tips," but to "put them wise," I leave it to them to use their own discretion in the matter of investments after consultation *du besoin* with a broker. The golden rule is, however, to buy when prices are unduly depressed, and although this may not appear to be exactly the psychological moment, there are many bargains going a-begging. The ordinary run of fixed-interest stocks are manifestly "snookered" by British Government ditto returning at present prices 6 per cent. upwards on the money, with super-security. The purchaser of Home Rails—such as Midland Deferred, Great Western, L. & N.W. and North-Eastern, in the order named—will assuredly wangle a substantial bonus at no distant date, and among Foreign Railways I would mention San Paules, paying, with punctilious regularity, 10 per cent. "free of income tax," and, consequently, excellent value at 184. "*La suite au prochain numero.*" 'Nuff said

SHYLOCK

"BEG!"

By GEORGE HOLLAND

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Photograph] THE INTER-HOSPITAL RUGBY CUP FINAL ["*Daily Mirror*"

In which, at Richmond last Thursday, in the presence of the King, Guy's beat Bart.'s, after a very hotly contested match, by two tries to nil. Our illustration shows P. Smuts, the Bart.'s full back, whose defence was admirable all through, making one of his many useful touch-finding kicks.

Sports & Pastimes

ROWING

Oxford's Spare Man

A FEW days ago, at the riverside at Putney, I enjoyed a unique experience—a chat with a president of the O.U.B.C. who is not rowing in the year of his presidency against Cambridge. I felt so sure that, for obvious reasons, Mr. E. A. Berrisford would be even less inclined to talk about himself, or the crew of which he is the spare man, than he would be if he formed one of its more integral units, that I hardly took any trouble to ascertain whether I was right. A few words convinced me that I was talking to a man of infinite discretion, and as my main object was to speak about the arrangements which he kindly fixed up for enabling our artist to make the sketches of the crew which appear on another page, our talk was free from embarrassment. Mr. Berrisford looked very fit, and is keeping so, after the manner of spare men from time immemorial, by sculling, occasional trips in scratch eights, or in the tub pair when "Bossy" Phelps is taking the cox over the course for instructional purposes. I gathered, by the way, that the usual sculling race between the two spare men will not come off this year.

The Crews Compared

IF the race were due to be rowed to-morrow I should unhesitatingly plump for Cambridge. Notwithstanding their weight, they are a distinctly lively crew and capable of rowing quite a fast stroke without being bustled. Oxford, likewise a very heavy crew, have done much better since they got their new boat, which seems to suit them well; but although they row a long, powerful stroke, they lack the liveliness of Cambridge, and when they attempt anything much faster than about thirty or thirty-two to the minute the result is not as satisfactory as could be wished.

Photograph *Topical*

HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Shaking hands with the Guy's team, to whose captain, W. D. Doherty, he subsequently presented the Cup which they won

Cambridge More Forward

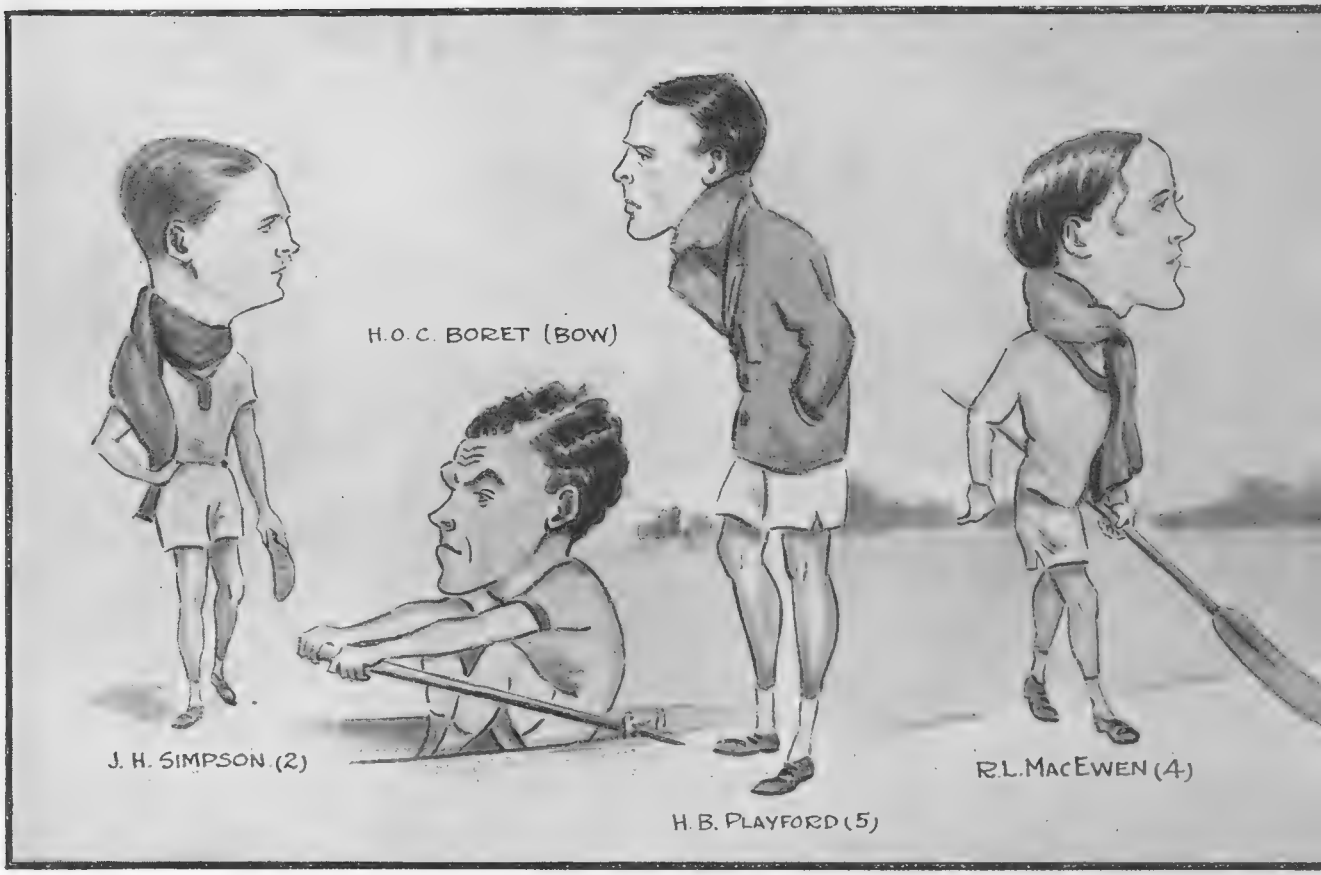
TO put it in a nutshell, Cambridge soon found the right men and the right places for them; Oxford had more experimenting to do, and when Ellis came in at stroke there was too much weight in the bows. This necessitated further adjustments, and the time for settling down was thereby curtailed, so that Cambridge were always, and still are, more forward. Oxford may be quite capable of catching them up, but the question is—Can they do it in the time remaining to them? Past experience has shown that if one of the crews is distinctly more forward than the other by the time the final stage of practice on the tideway is reached that crew is usually the better of the two "on the day." And yet there is no better coach in the world for bringing on a backward crew than Mr. Harcourt Gold. He "has confounded the critics before now and may do it again."

The Vogue of the Centre-Seater

IT looks, by the way, as if the centre-seated boat is destined in time wholly to supersede the older type of eight in the affections of rowing men. In 1914 Cambridge used a centre-seater, while the Oxford boat was a mixture, stroke and seven being centre-seated and the other six at their respective sides. At Henley last summer both 'Varsity crews used centre-seated boats, and now, for the first time in the history of the race, the Oxford boat will be one of the newer type. In her design the somewhat unequal

Continued on page 776

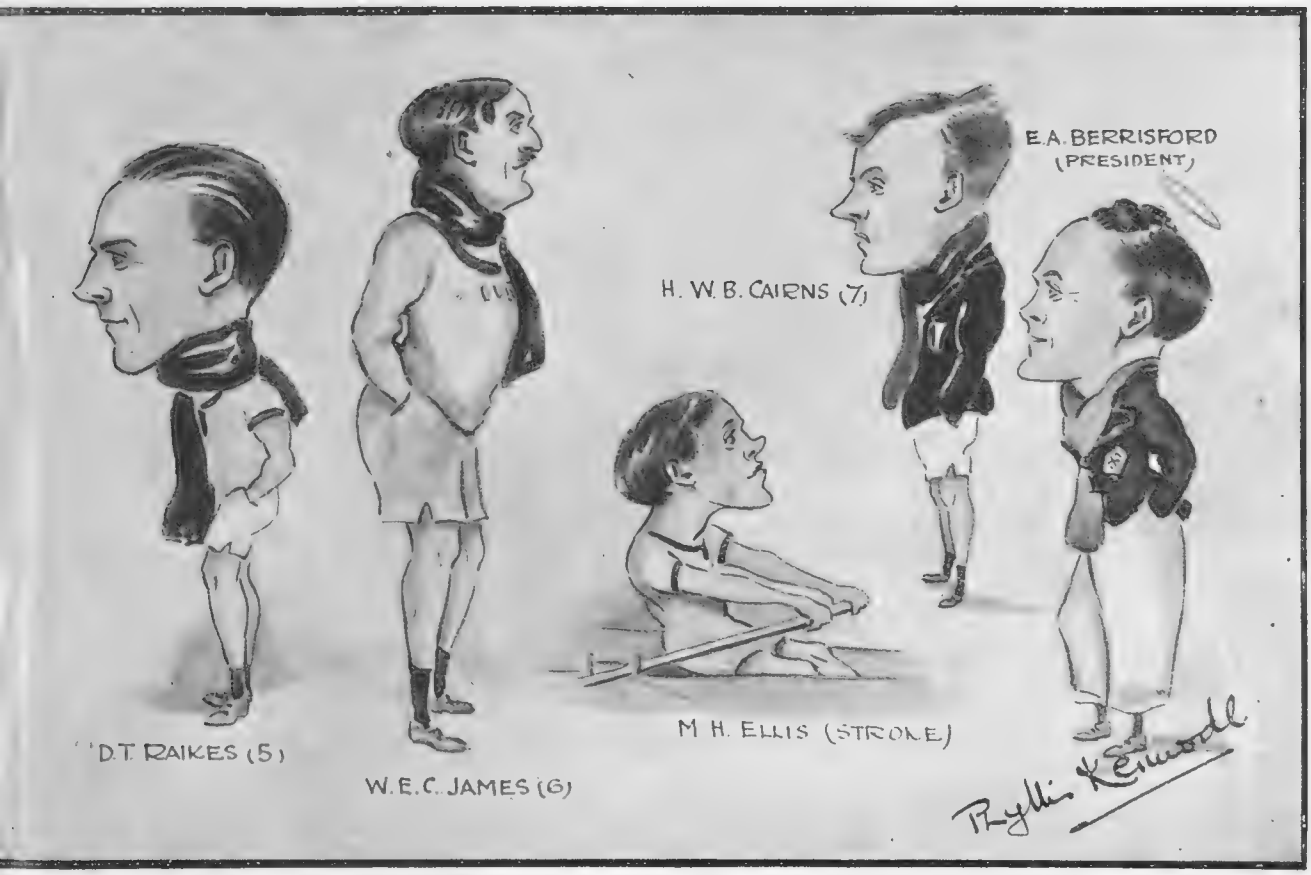
'VARSITY CREWS



A PLAYFUL PORTRAYAL OF THE RIVAL EIGHTS

Present indications would seem to suggest that our artist has (perhaps

IN CARICATURE



DURING PRACTICE AT PUTNEY BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

unconsciously) tipped the winners by putting the Light Blues "on top"

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

distribution of the crew's weight has, apparently, been satisfactorily provided for, and I noticed that her equipment includes a small fin keel placed well aft. The Cambridge boat is also a centre-seater.

LAWN TENNIS

The Dearth of Doubles Players

A good deal has been said and written of late about the deterioration of English lawn tennis, for which there is only very slight justification; but it is nevertheless true that at the present time English Doubles play is at a very low ebb. The Davis Cup results have made this only too painfully plain. It is due not to any conspicuous lack of skill on the part of our leading players, but to the fact that we have no recognised pairs who make a practice of playing together as did some of the famous pairs of pre-war days. And for a pair to be first-class it is necessary that they should practice frequently together and be thoroughly conversant with each other's methods. Two first-class Singles players thrown together for the first time may possibly make a first-class pair, but it is far more likely that they will not. It is not an easy matter in lawn tennis to find your affinity.

Photograph *Topical*

EX-KING MANOEL

Slightly out of breath after a strenuous game of lawn tennis with M. J. G. Ritchie (left) at Cannes

Permanent Partnerships

It is, therefore, good news that the Council of the Lawn Tennis Association are taking steps to encourage the formation of permanent partnerships in Doubles and are inviting the co-operation of the County Associations and other bodies affiliated to them with that object in view. Their plans have yet, I believe, to take definite shape, but I understand that they will probably include a series of trial games, with the idea of testing candidates for International honours, in which likely pairs will be put through their paces. This should certainly encourage the people who are keen on getting on to hunt about for suitable partners, and, having found them, to play with them at open tournaments and elsewhere as much as possible.

H. S. S.

PICCADILLY

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FIRST thing in the morning, immediately after a bath, is the time to test the quality of a cigarette.

After the long rest, the senses are most keenly critical. An aroma, which would have caused no adverse comment overnight, becomes to the re-awakened faculties almost pungent. Only the finest of fine tobaccos can then hope to escape the censure of the connoisseur.

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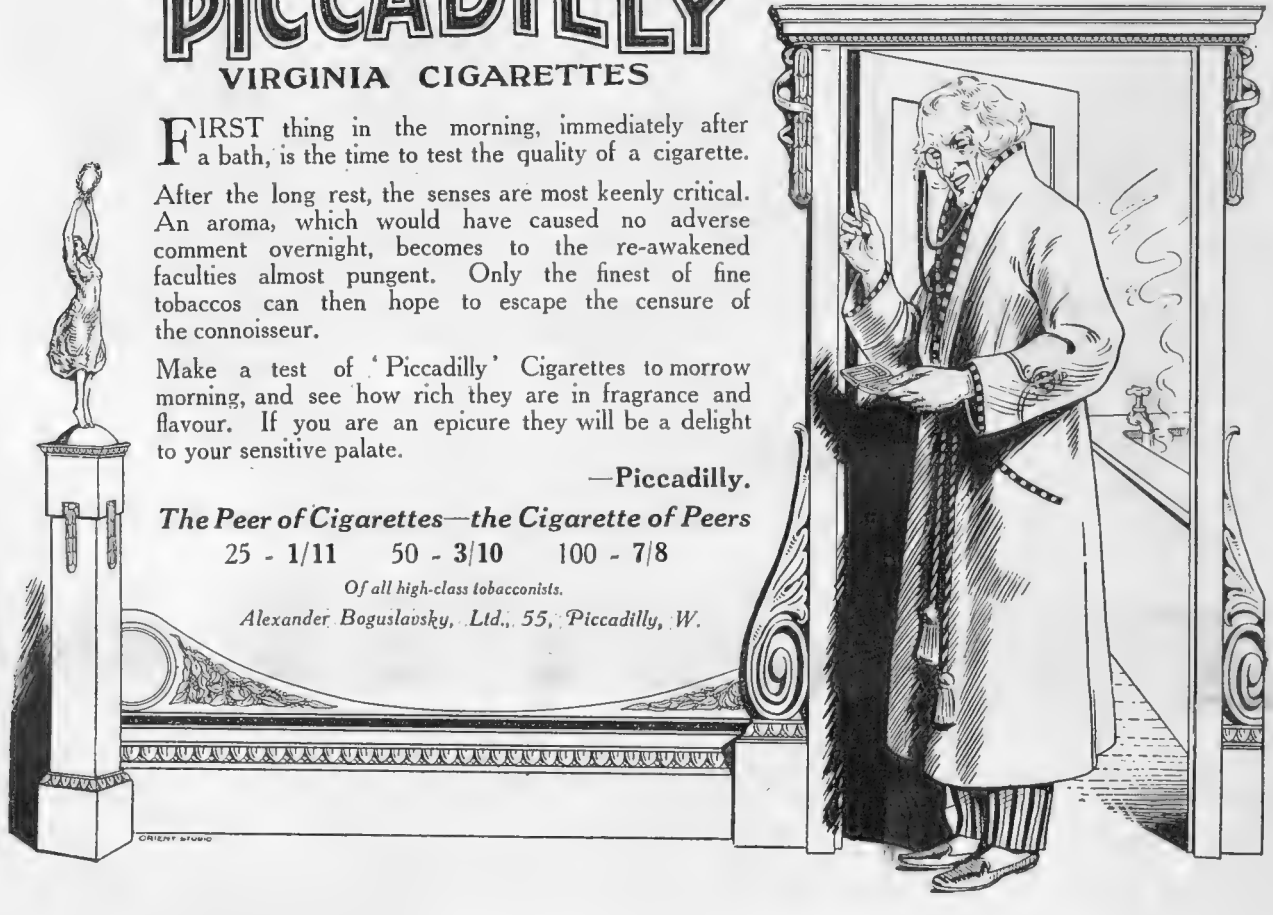

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A New Literary Log Rolled by Ralph Straus

In the old days "public school" novels seemed content to tell a story, but since the publication of *The Harrovians* and the far more successful *Loom of Youth*, it seems that to be really in the fashion you must either furiously attack or furiously defend the whole institution. It seems rather a pity, but that is the way of things just now—the new propaganda, I suppose. No wonder you have Professor "Q" deploring at Cambridge the disappearance of the mere *story*, for which most people, even earnest and sincere and "advanced" people, look in a novel.

* *

I have seen it stated that the latest school novel, *Prelude* (Chatto and Windus : 7*s.* net), by Beverley Nichols, an Oxford undergraduate, is a welcome counterblast to young Waugh's *Loom of Youth*. And, indeed, that book is mentioned in Mr. Nichols's story in a passage which supposes, quite erroneously, that its author must have had a most miserable time at school. Well, you can call *Prelude* a counterblast if you like, but the word is too important. The book, it is true, has a good idea. A young boy hates school because he is sensitive and artistic and no good at games. But he makes friends, and finds that his school is not such a bad place after all; in fact, he leaves it with the greatest possible regret—a very common experience; the nonsense is knocked out of him. So far, so good. Unfortunately, Mr. Nichols has everything to learn about writing. His grammar at times is poor, and some of his time-worn phrases will give bad shocks to his University. The whole story, moreover, is badly put together, and the didactic passages seem to be in the wrong places.

* *

The author, too, is unfortunate with his hero. As a youngster Paul is almost unbelievably effeminate, and I refuse to believe that he did the hundred in 10 4-5ths. at sixteen. Mr. Nichols tells us that he is popular, but makes him too passive. His sentimental adventures are well told, but his development is never satisfactorily explained, and the whole book lacks strength. The parts are too loosely fitted together. And sometimes you question the writer's sincerity. There is something wrong with the book, and I think it must be that Mr. Nichols is not nearly so modern or bold as he imagines he is.

* *

Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer remains a bit of a puzzle. People either seem enthusiastic or cold. As somebody said to me the other day, "you either like him or you don't," which, without being original, conveys a definite meaning. The new volume, *Gold and Iron* (Heinemann : 7*s.* net), contains three stories, all of which show the author's quite remarkable ability to paint a picture. His pictures are dexterously correct and powerful and unexpected. They imprison life of a sort and entice you to make the closest possible inspection.

* *

As a result, there comes a moment when you think, "But—this is great!" followed by another, when the question, "Is it?" sounds almost loudly in your ears. These three stories, then, are off the track, pictures of life such as the older and staider, though no less adventurous, Americans may have known it, dramatic and ill-conforming to most of the new models (which is a comfort), but without that indefinable stark thrill for which you continue to hope. And this suggests that for the present Mr. Hergesheimer may be "getting there." Therefore, read *Gold and Iron*, if only to play critic yourself.

* *

On the outbreak of War, Mr. C. E. Jacomb, then in business in the South Sea Islands, patriotically came home and tried for a commission. As a married man he viewed the Government's attitude towards the single men with bewilderment, and being unable to secure a commission spent a year in the War Office. When the Derby scheme came he joined up as a private without waiting for his group to be called up. In France he was wounded

BOOKS AND THEIR BUYERS
No. I. The Handbook on Social Etiquette
By Arthur Watts

A NEW LITERARY LOG (concluded)

at a time when his commission might have gone through, and finished his service in England as a lance-corporal, finally obtaining his "ticket" in 1919.

❀ ❀

IN *Torment* (Melrose: 6*s*. net) he gives a plain account of his experiences. There is not an undue amount of grousing, although the old Army methods come in for no little criticism, and his story is so simply and so accurately told as to have a deep interest of its own, even to-day. The title seems unfortunate, but I cannot think of a better one.

❀ ❀

TAKE up a novel by Mr. Pett Ridge and you know that you are going to be amused. You will probably be introduced to one or other of those poorer suburbs of London, which he knows so well, and make the acquaintance of as cheery a crowd of people as ever find themselves together between the pages of a book. His latest story is laid in respectable Wood Green, and as the period is A.D. 1918, the hero not unnaturally is of tender years. *Well-To-Do Arthur* (Methuen: 7*s*. net), in fact, owes his magnificent wages, and so his magnificent adventures, to the War. He is a munitioneer with a great sense of his own importance and good judgment, a determination to play a real part in the world's affairs, and a young lady conveniently adoring. Also, he has a very wonderful mother, who, in her husband's absence in France, starts a florist's shop and behaves in a manner to which young Arthur might have given more careful and grateful attention than he did. But boys, as I have seen it stated somewhere, will be boys—even if they are making munitions and behaving for the most part in an extremely adult way.

OLD BILL STILL IN FLANDERS!
A snapshot recently taken by an officer of the 21st Labour Company near Zonnebeke

❀ ❀

WHICH only means to say that Arthur Lidlington's many adventures are told in that particularly delightful and crisp way which Mr. Pett Ridge has made his own, and you leave the youngster with the knowledge that although in the future his wages will not be nearly so high as they have been, he will ultimately make good and get rid of those few regrettable characteristics which no true hero should be allowed to retain after seventeen.

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"A Dramatic Fall in Currency!"

"Laddie, some time ago, necessity compelled me to borrow ten shillings. The depreciated value of the pound sterling is now about thirteen and fourpence, so allow me to discharge my obligation by returning you your six and eightpence!"

BY INDER BURNS

A WOLSELEY CAR ON THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS, NICE

"SING ho! for the breezy sea" will be the air (quite an accident, I assure you) this week, with the motor-boat show on at Olympia. As I have been having trial runs on a variety of new cars lately, the exhibition comes as a welcome change in transport novelties. Of course, all the hydroplanes remind me of the speed merchants on the highways, and the motor-barges of the lorries that live on the Slough road day and night, as far as I can judge, as I always seem to meet an endless stream of them on that particular route. But, all the same, I rather fancy one of Thornycroft's motor-barges that do four knots per hour. What about a small syndicate for a summer *dolce far niente* round the waterways of Merrie England, ye canals and river-streams? I think one of these barges would be a great idea for a party of four to eight, especially in these days of exorbitant hotel charges and high rents for country cottages. Anyway, I offer it as a suggestion.

***

As for the trial trips I have been indulging in this past week, they have been in great variety. First, Mr. Frank Vandervell, of Vandy's, Ltd., persuaded me to try one of the 35 h.p. S.P.A. cars, that are just now arriving from Italy, up and down the Surrey hills, through the winding lanes, and finishing up in Brooklands paddock to inspect the progress made in relaying this speedway. It is an excellent 'bus, this new S.P.A., a credit to its Italian builders, and does all that anybody can want a touring-car to do, as it puts up a good road average of speed in any district, and fuel consumption is reasonable. Naturally, the bright sunshine helped matters, and the view from Newlands Corner made one realise the beauties of our land that the motor-car can only reveal. As for Brooklands, Mr. Skinner, the acting-secretary, assured me that the repairs are getting on first-rate, but the frost is a bit of a handicap, and that alone may prevent the track being quite ready for the British Motor-Cycling Racing Club and Essex Motor Club joint meeting at Easter. But, weather permitting, all will be ready, and the first Brooklands Club meeting is sure to take place at Whitsuntide. At the present time straw covers the track where the repairs have been made, so it was impossible to take a run round it, but a great improvement has been made at the fork, and the bump in the banking down to the railway straight has been smoothed away.

***

IT is a bit of a change to leave the wheel of a 35 h.p. car and then to take out a 9 h.p. air-cooled runabout,

(*Continued on page 7**)

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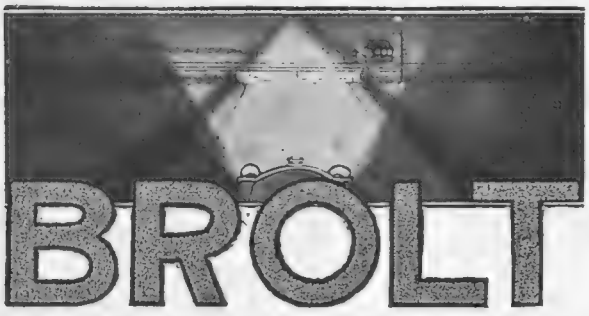

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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

but the joys of life consist in contrasts, so I next had a run on a two-cylinder air-cooled G.N., a well-sprung little car, with an engine that has a very good acceleration, that makes it most comfortable to drive in traffic. No trouble in gear-changing should make this little car very popular with ladies, and fifty miles and over out of each gallon of fuel reduces one's travel bill to the proper economical basis at present prices. Writing on fuel reminds me that the ever-vigilant A.A. has now started a roadside fuel station at Aldermaston, on the Bath Road, where members can get their cars' tanks filled up with National benzol.

* *
*

At present this pumping station is being run as a day service only, but if it proves as popular as is expected a day and night service will be run. Besides the usual telephone, the installation consists of a Bowser storage tank and delivery pump, a new Pelapone engine and electric generating set, while "free air" is provided by this latter, which is connected to an air-compressor, so that tyres may be blown up while the tank is being filled with fuel. This scheme ought to prove a benefit to the local A.A. agent, as he it is who gets the profit on the spirit.

But to return to trial runs. I spent a most enjoyable day on a small 10 h.p. Bugatti, a French car, with sixteen valves for its little four-cylinder engine. This is about the fastest small car on the road to-day with its four-speed gear-box, as it can do forty miles an hour on second speed.

A SUNBEAM ON STAFF SERVICE
Near Ghissignies, in the territory occupied by the Germans and liberated just before the Armistice

Like all small engines, one has to keep the revs. up to get the best out of it, and so use the gears that the designer has given the machine, and not expect to live on the "top," as the average owner of a big car tries to do. This is just the car for the sporting motorist, as, though the price is somewhat high, its "heart" is big, and the driver can hold any other car on the road if needs be. I got an average of forty miles an hour for one half-hour on an ordinary up-hill and down-dale course which had a lot of curly road in it, so it is not difficult to guess it must have "moved some," as our U.S.A. friends say. I shall expect to see this chassis do some good speeds on Brooklands when racing starts, and as the fuel consumption is low it makes an excellent fast touring waggon, if one can call a three-seater by that name.

* *
*

Harking back to racing again, the T.T. cycle races in the Isle of Man seem in rather a muddle, and may not come off after all, as about a dozen of the best-known motor-cycle manufacturers are saying that they are not going to compete, and the new firms are wondering whether, under those conditions, it is worth while going to the expense, as there is nothing to beat—that is to say, of old reputations. Yet there is plenty of time for a change of policy, so onlookers will have to take a leaf out of Mr. Asquith's book.

Old Hy.

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Femina

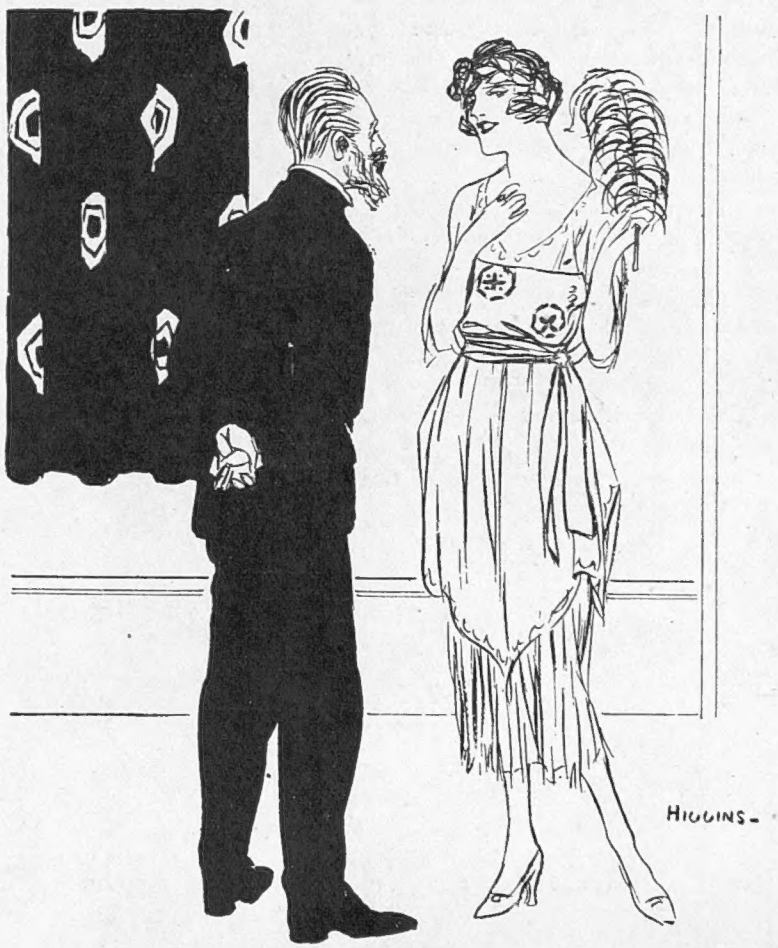
On the New Sense of Beauty

EVERY day the world grows more tiresome to live in. Time was when one set of opinions wore comfortably for a lifetime. No unwholesome doubts as to the right and wrong of things disturbed one's soul. It knew what it knew, how and why goodness knows. Youth only had its qualms, and resented the heavy, self-satisfied parental hand. 'Twas ever thus. When a commandment such as "Honour thy father and thy mother" requires backing up with promises of long days in the land, it follows that the commanded-unto do not take to it enthusiastically for its own sake. They never did.

IT was not one's parents' fault that they could not forget their antiquated point of view, and one made allowances accordingly, or one scoffed as openly as one dared. They naturally retorted by condemning the new movement, the novel aims, the young idea, which was mightily inconvenient considering that they held the purse-strings. It is an old story, this tale of heavy fathers and foolish sons, of uncomprehending mothers and discontented daughters. But I wonder, when I remember it, that anyone ever managed to bear with a family at all.

TO-DAY nobody can afford to sit down comfortably with a mind made up on all points. It was conveniently simple when a greybeard could always command respect for his opinions. Youth lays down the law nowadays. But the punishment of youth is sure, if not exactly swift; in due time the hot-headed Radical cools down into the crusted Tory, and those that are first shall in their turn be last. But while they are first they are nothing if not amazing. For sheer, hair-raising novelty, give me the youthful artist's ideas on beauty as expressed in scrawls, daubs, and splashes, such as a nine-year-old might be proud to produce.

WHEN I compare the decorous ladies and gentlemen, so beautifully and academically treated at Burlington House, with the *apache* and the coster-monger, and the merry crowd at Shoreditch of a Saturday night, wherein the new painter people delight to see the new beauty, I realise that it is high time to have one's eye born anew. It will not be comfortably ignorant, that new-born eye, I assure you. To criticise a picture it will require more than a bowing acquaintance with logarithms and trigonometry; to understand a mere ballet it will have to deal with algebra, with statics and dynamics. It is no joke to follow the will-o'-the-wisp that calls itself beauty through the



"The only person allowed to remain comfortably ugly is the artist himself"
BY HIGGINS

FEMINA (concluded)

mire of the higher education. "Yea, is not even Apollo with hair and harpstring of gold a bitter god to follow, though (no longer) a beautiful god to behold?" It was never more true, and I have fought shy of Chelsea parties ever since people have ceased to see the beauty of what was beauty a few years ago.

When a man has a sense of beauty he applies it to everything and to everyone, and you fall short of it at your peril. The only person allowed to remain comfortably unlovely is the artist himself. Women, whatever their attainments, are not so impersonal. It is a relic of barbarism that they should still be expected to make pictures of themselves for the sake of their environment.

Undoubtedly the relic is good for trade. If you doubt me, go and look at the shops in Oxford Street, where mile upon mile of plate-glass is heaped with aids to beauty, and a dense crowd surges up and down to gaze, to buy, or merely to covet. Is it beauty that it seeks? It hardly knows. No one dreams of using her judgment—if any—for the fear of failure to see beauty (where none is) makes cowards of us all. In shops I have sometimes picked up a garment whose leading idea was a complete reversal of the usual common-sense ideas of beauty. It was a Paris creation I was told, and I suppose that it was not French for nothing. At least, so said my obedient judgment, and I concluded that if my eyes saw no beauty it was they that were at fault.

When you go to a museum, and do not of your own unprompted accord fall down and worship the old masterpieces, then you have no right to imagine that you know anything about the real beauty. And, besides, beauty changes. It is of no use dragging back to the past where everything has been made easy by endless connoisseurs. Henceforth let us look for and find beauty in, say, a motor-car, with its steel, its nickel, its wood, its scientific proportions, its appearance of comfort and harmony, its suggestion of power. All this is beauty to your eye and mine when they are born anew. CANDIDA

By MRS. JACK MAY

The Modern Silhouette

The chief topic of conversation in the realms of dress just now is the changing silhouette and the reformed figure; in other words, a figure that is a figure and not merely straight up and down lines, and since an ounce of reality is worth a pound of visionary generalisation, here is a concrete example of what *La Mode* is prepared to smile upon. A fine Sedan cloth—more or less our old friend, face-cloth—in the new *café-au-lait* brown, would express such a gown delightfully, the pleated sides supported by a little *baleine* to preserve the outstanding hip appearance, and the waist defined by a very narrow belt of the material, caught either side the front through small ivory buckles. To the latter is toned the lace disposed in a demure square about the *décolletage*, and, furthermore, used as a lining to the bell-shaped sleeves, the edges of which are lightly rolled back to display this *dentelle doublure*. The flat little bodice, of course, speaks for itself, an entrance being effected at the back with a row of self-covered buttons.

IN FINE SEDAN CLOTH
Of café-au-lait brown, this frock is an excellent example of the fashion of the day. It is described in detail on this page
DESIGNED BY "NOREEN"

Variations

Now this is a theme upon which endless variations can be worked without materially altering the silhouette. Thus a dark blue gabardine seen had the "hippy" appearance, presented in the form of a single outstanding stiffened fold, trimmed back and front, down to the very hem, with a criss-cross design of black braid; while in lieu of the bodice there was a short Eton coat, the fronts thrown back with long revers to show a semi-double-breasted *gilet* of yellow linen, filled in at the throat with a tucked white *organdi* vest and high collar, finished with a flat little pump bow of black ribbon.

Summer Fashions for Children

There is no *modistic* art more subtle and sublime than that of adapting *La Mode's* latest decrees to juvenile needs, and it is one of which Elizabeth, 45, South Molton Street, is a past mistress.

In view of the many fashionable weddings on the *tapis*, and the certain call upon her advice in the matter of little bridesmaids' dresses, Elizabeth is giving much interested attention to the designing of models

(*Continued on page 792*)